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MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



To FRANCES TOLMIE,

DUNVEGAN, SKYE,

The Pioneer Collector of Hebridean Song,

together with her friend,

MARY ROSS,

KILMOLUAG,

from whom she noted the airs of such great songs as

“ The Seagull of the Land under Waves ”

and

“ Cairistiona.”







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# FROM THE MEBRIDES

FURTHER GLEANINGS  
of TALE and SONG  
by

M. KENNEDY-FRASER  
and KENNETH MACLEOD

Paterson's Publications, Ltd.  
152 Buchanan St., Glasgow.  
95 Wimpole Street, London.

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## TITLES.

I.	Key.	Time. Page.
Dealwoman's Croon. (Fr. tradit. singing of KM.) (An cadal trom.)	E <sup>b</sup>	15.
Milking Croon. (Fr. S. Uist. 7 beat.) (Cronan Bleoghain.)	B <sup>b</sup>	70.
7. Fairy Plaint. (Fr. Skallary, Barra.) (Ceol-brutha.)	F	37.
4. Harris Love Lament. (Fr. tradit. singing of Frances Tolmie) (Ailean Donn.)	A min.	130.
5. Coastwise song. (Ws. Agnes Mure Mackenzie.)	C	164.
6. The Ship at Sea. (Air fr. Barra. G. ws. coll. KM.) (Cuan ag eirigh.)	E min.	60.
7. The Bens of Jura. (Old air fr. Mull. Tradit. ws. fr. KM.) (An t-Iarla Diurach.)	E	142.
8. Mermaid's Croon. (Air fr. S. Uist. Ws. fr. Eigg.) (Cronan na Maighdinn-Mhara.)	E min.	150.
Thirteenth Cent. Love lilt. (From Barra.) (An gille dubh ciar dubh.)	G	2.
Fishmul's Galley. (Air fr. Mingulay. Ws. fr. Barra.) (A' Bhirlinn Bharrach.)	G	80.
Burning lilt. (From Annie Johnston, Barra.) (Thig, a chuinneig, thig.)	A <sup>b</sup>	40.

## VOL. 3.

At the Wave Mouth. (Fr. singing of KM. Medit. Tune?.) (Aig beul nan Tonn.)	E min.	5.
Signish on the Machair. (Old Highland Air.) (An Ribhinn Donn.)	D min.	94.
2. An Iona Lullaby. (Ethne's Croon. From K.M.) (Taladh Chalumchille.)	C min.	104.

## VOL. 4.

Cool Hill Pastures. (Fr. Mrs MacLeod, Skeabost, Skye.) (Bo lurach thu.)	F	4.
The Leaping Galley. (Air Fr. Harris. Ws. attri. Mairi Mcleod, B <sup>b</sup> (Long a Leumraich.) trans. by KM.)	B <sup>b</sup>	36.
Shoreless Seas. (Air fr. Barra. G. ws. ancient sailing Rune) (Long air snamh.)	F min.	84.

## VOL. 2.



<u>Repertoire of M.D.S.C. PUBLISHED SONGS.</u>		Time.	Begin o
From Kenneth Macleod. Sung in Gaelic.			
1. Witches Waulking Song.		I.	F
2. Bileagan. (Cow's Milking song.)		I.	A
3. Caidil u o. (Mermaid's Crooning.)		I $\frac{1}{2}$ .	F
4. Lullaby. (M'eudail, ho ro I.)		I.	E
5. Dunvegan Bridal Processional.		I $\frac{1}{2}$ .	E
6. Waulking Song. (Fr. Peggy McGuish, Lochaber)			
7. Oran Luathaidh. Fr. Choisir Chiuil. p 60.			G.
8. Strathspey & Reel. "Brochan lom, tana lom" "Bodachan a' mhirein."			
9. The Crow's Tune. (from Miss Amy Murray.)			
From Annie Johnston, Barra. Sung in Gaelic.			
1. Waulking Song. (Cairistiona.)		2.	C
2. Ribinnean Ribheach. (Mouth music.)		$\frac{1}{2}$ .	C
3. Mingulay Fairy' song.		$\frac{1}{2}$ .	B
4. Deer Herding Croon.			
<u>Repertoire of songs with Clarsach.</u>		Key.	Time.
1. A' Chruinneag Ileach. (Old Gaelic song. Arr. H.R-F.)		F	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ .
(The Islay Maiden)			
2. Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond. (Arr. Lawson.)		F	4.
3. An Coineachan. (Old Gaelic Lullaby. Arr. H.R-F.)		F	
(Fairy Lullaby.)			
4. The m'ulaidh air. (Port-a-beul from Annie Johnston, Barra,)		E	I.
5. Skye Boat Song. (Fr. Songs of the North. Arr. Lawson.)		G	
(Speed, bonny boat.)			
6. Auld Lang Syne. (Arr. by Henry ...)		b	
7. Fear a' Bhata. (The Boatman) } From Choisir Chiuil,		A	
8. Air F'alal al o. } arr. by		A	
9. Mhairi dhubh's na hu-o-ho! } Mdme. SCOTIA.		G.	
10. Null do dh'Uidhist. Arr. Mdme. SCOTIA.		G.	
(Thugainn leam) Comp. JRBannerman.			

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INTRODUCTION .. .. . MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER	





## INTRODUCTION.

WHEN in 1921 we brought out our third volume of "Songs of the Hebrides," I fancied I had finished work in the field which has occupied me now for twenty years. But a recent visit to Barra, in the Outer Isles, and frequent visits to Skye and to Gigha have resulted in the netting of such a shoal of fresh airs, that we are perforce obliged to add this fourth volume. Music is more durable than words, and the words of many of these fine old tunes would seem to have worn thin. Indeed, in many cases, they proved to be mere rags of different song-garments, so to speak, unrelated lines held together by the tunes with which they had been associated at different periods. What *does* remain, fortunately, with the musically-minded among the singers, is the strong syllabic refrain element, an integral part maybe of the original musical form, holding it together, giving it rhythm, clarity, and sonority. These refrains we are careful to note, and we reproduce them in this book. The verse lines, which at any period were understood to be adaptable, KENNETH MACLEOD has supplied where needed. He has restored them in many cases from his own note books, MS. books of lore collected throughout the Isles during twenty years of missionary work there. In other cases he has written original verses, both Gaelic and English.

Refrain songs, in the past, were largely neglected by collectors of literary lore, probably because these consisted more of syllabic refrains than of verse, and also probably because of the confused and unstable quality of the latter.

But these refrain songs are precisely the most valuable from a musical point of view, and of the forty songs gathered into this book (and the forty-odd in the introduction), quite half are of this character. And we can well understand how these have been preserved in such quantity. They were used by both men and women as labour songs—the men when rowing or sail-hauling at sea, the women when working at the cloth or reaping in the fields. They served also for *community* singing at the *Ceilidh* by the peat-fire or round the social board. The strongly characteristic syllables, where not already familiar to the folk, could very easily be acquired, while the vacant verse lines would give scope to the troubadour-like inventiveness of the bard who was never far to seek in any Gaelic gathering.

Of such refrain songs, many interesting examples will be found in this volume. Among a number of well-recognised forms, the commonest is perhaps that of a three-phrased refrain, alternating with a two-phrased verse portion. For this form see "Yont the Coolins," page 26, and "Eye of Springtide," page 120. For a similar form, with only *one* verse-line, see "The Leaping Galley," page 36, and "Sea-Wandering," page 55. Again the same with *four* verse lines, "The Wind on the Machair"; and with *three* verse lines (uncommon), "The Kyle o' Moola."

But for those interested in the musical form of these ancient labour lilt or unison-chorus-songs, with solo-verse-lines, we give here a number of examples not included in the body of the volume.

Of the three lines or phrases of the constantly recurring refrain, the third was, as a rule, an exact repetition of the first. Here is such an one alternating with only *one* verse line :—

*From Lexie Macrae, Harris.*

E - ho hi ri O hi ri ri O ho ro,

E - ho ri ri. Mhair - i bhoidheach, gur a mis - e. *D.C.*



We note here that the verse line may be cut in two remorselessly by the inevitable re-entry of the chorus!  
Or the solo verse may consist of *two* lines, thus :—

OF WIND AND MIST AND RAIN. From Mrs. McKinnon, N. Bay, Barra.

*Refrain* *Fine.*

O hao ri ri O, O hu ra bho or-o, O hao ri ri O.

*Verse* *D.C.*

Ri latha fliuch is fu-ar, B'e do dhual ch-as bhi mar-achd.

BOAT SONG. From Lexie Macrae, Harris.

*Refrain* *Fine.*

*Verse* *D.C.*

ROWING SONG. Sung by John Wotherspoon, Gigha.

*Refrain* *Fine.*

*Verse* *D.C.*

WAULKING SONG. From Marion MacLeod, Eigg.

*Refrain* *Fine.*

Ho ro hi ri ri hiu o, Hiu ra bho na ho-ro gheallaibhi, Ho ro hi ri ri hiu o.

*Verse* *D.C.*

Theid sinn a null a ghaoil do Mhuid-eart, Far am bi na fiur-ain fal-aich.

or of four lines:-

**HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY LOVE.** *From A. Campbell, at Skeabost*

*Refrain*

Co - dhiu thogainn fonn mo leannain Anns gach ait' an

ol - ainn dra - ma Co - dhiu tho - gainn fonn mo lean - nain.

*Verse*

ol - ainn dra - ma Co - dhiu tho - gainn fonn mo lean - nain.

*D.C.*

In the next, the two-lined verse shows a number of variants, and this is a recognised part of the art of the leader, the verse singer.

**WAULKING SONG—THE SLEAT DAIRYMAID.** *From Mrs. MacLeod, Skeabost, Skye.*

*Refrain*

Hi ri ri ribh o Ho rionn o - i o ho eil - e

*Fine. Verse*

Hi ri ri ribh o. 'S mi am bhanach - aig na spreidhe, Aig a bhaintighearn

*D.C. Verse variants*

oig a Sleibhte.

**A SIMPLER VERSION OF THE DAIRYMAID'S SONG.** *From A. Nicolson, The Braes.*

*Refrain*

Ho ro ho ho gu, Hi ri iur - aibh O eil - e,

*Fine. Verse*

Ho ro ho ho - gu. Gu bheil mis - e fo eis - lean.

*D.C.*



or single verse lines may alternate with a shorter and a longer form of refrain, thus :—

*From A. Matheson, Skye.*

*Long Refrain*

Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan thu? Fios a's tìr gur mi do lean - nan.

*Fine. Verse I.*

Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan thu?

*Short Refrain*

*Verse II.*

Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan thu?

*D.C.*

**WAULKING SONG.**

*From Mrs. MacLeod, Skeabost, Skye.*

*Short Refrain*

Ho hu ra bhi o hi.

*Verse*

Chaid-il mis - e air sgeir mha - ra.

*Long Refrain*

Ho hu ra bhi o hi, I - o bhoch-o i - o bhi, Ho hu ra bhi o hi.

In examples given, the third-refrain-phrase is an exact repetition of the first ; in the next two there are slight changes :—

**ROWING SONG.**

*From Lexie Macrae, Harris.*

*Refrain*

*Verse*

*Fine.*

*D.C.*

*Short Refrain* (1) *Verse* *From Mrs. McKinnon, N. Bay, Barra.*

Ho hi ri ri ri in.

*Long Refrain* (1)

Ho na hi ri ri iu.

(2) *Verse etc.* (3)

Chall O Ho eil - e Ho hi ri ri in.

The verse also, in some cases, has two forms, a shorter and a longer as here :—

*Refrain* (1) *ROWING SONG.* *From Lexie Macrae, Harris.* (2)

Chun - naic mi do long air sail - e Hao ri ill ag -

(3) *Fine.* *Verse 1st form*

o Chun - naic mi do long air sail - e.

*Repeat Ref.* *Verse 2nd longer form*

*D. C.*

Here are two interesting variants of a popular *mainland* labour lilt *naturalized* in the Isles :—

*Waulking Song.* *From Barra.* *Fine.* (1) (2) (3)

Seinn o ho ro, seinn, Seinn o ho ro leannan, Seinn o ho ro, seinn.

*D. C.*

Cha b' ion - nan 's mar bha mi, Mun do dh'fag mi Braigh Rain - each.



*Refrain* ① Seinn o ho ro, seinn, Seinn o ho ro leannan, Seinn o ho  
 ②  
 ③  
*Fine. Verse* ro, seinn. Seinn o ho ro, Ruari, Bidh daoine uaisle aig do bhanais. *D.C.*

When fine words, such as those of "The Sea-gull-of-the-Land-under-Waves," have spread all over the Isles, one finds with them not only variants, but entirely different tunes. On page 106, "See bird flying hither, tell me," we have a case in point, and here is another :—

*Refrain* ① Hi na hi ri ri u, ② Hi na hi ri ri o - ho  
 ③  
*Fine. Verse* ① Hi na hi ri ri u. C' ait' an dh' fhag thu na fir gheala? *D.C.*  
 From Kirsty McKinnon, Eigg

Of the two which we have set with translations and pianoforte accompaniment, the "Sea-gull" has a note of the ecstasy of pain, the "Sea-Bird" only that of fatalistic endurance.

Here follows an old Harris salute, which in relation to its chorus, surely has the shortest verse on record, the chorus being seven bars long to the verse's one :—

*Verse* Ciad fail - te! *Refrain*  
*D.C.*  
 From Lexie Macrae, Harris

Here is another such, but the verse is only half a line, stepping in, by your leave, as it were, among the chorus phrases :—

**WAULKING SONG.** ① Hao ri hu - a ② Ho ro ho-ro, Hao ri hu - a ho ro ho-ro. Tha mi duilich Ho ro ho ro.  
*Fine. Verse* *Refrain* *D.C.*  
 From Lexie Macrae, Harris.

And here a short chorus that does the same sort of thing among the verse lines :—

Interesting use of Refrain:—

LABOUR LILT.

From Mrs. MacLeod, Skeabost.

Hiu ro i iu ro.

Hiu ro i iu ro.

Hiu ro i iu ro.

The little Milking Song that follows belongs to a different order : it is for solo, not for chorus singing. It also shows the favourite three-section form :—

*Soothingly*

MILKING CROON.

Sung by Angus McGougan, Gigha.

Flur nam ba, Mhairi dhonn, Flur nam ba, Mair - i 'S gil' thu na'n Can - ach is

gil thu na sneachd, Flur nam ba, Mair - i dhonn, Flur nam ba thu.

This Lull Song phrases in four :—

LULL SONG—TO WEE ALAN OF MORAR.

From Marion MacLeod, Eigg

Ho, Ail-leag-an Ho ro hi ri, Ho Ail-leag-an Mhor -

thir, Ho, Ailleagan Ho ro hi ri, Ho Ailleagan Mhor - thir.

and a Mother's Croon has but two :—

*Verse* S' truagh leum fhin, och - oin, a chlann. *Refrain* Ho ro i trom ill io.

From Isabel MacLeod, Eigg.  
or

Another with a three-phrased refrain and a four-line verse :—

**LULL SONG.** *From Marion MacLeod, Eigg.*

*Refrain* *Verse*

The three following are four-square :—

**TO A CHILD.** *From Mrs. MacLeod, Skeabost, Skye.*

**MACDONALD CRADLE SONG.** *From Mor Ruadh, Eigg.*

Ho — ro Mhairi dhubh, Ho ho ro eil - e

*D.C.*

Mhairi bheag bhoidh - each thu, Rug - adh an Sleibhte.

**MILKING SONG.** *From Mrs. Macleod, Skeabost, Skye.*

Nis thoir do bhainne, bho dhonn, — Nis thoir do bhainne, bho dhonn, —

Sil e milis ach trom, — Nis thoir do bhainne, bho dhonn.

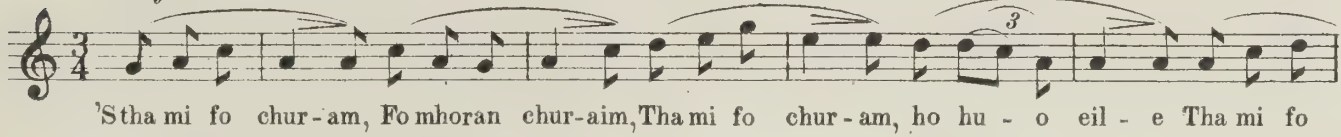


A Love Plaint from Harris again falls into three sections in refrain and two in verse :—

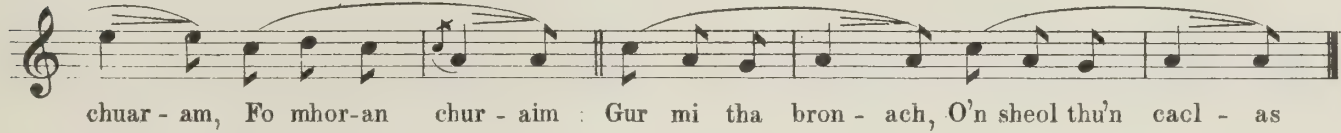
### LOVE PLAINT.

*From Lexie Macrae, Harris.*

*Refrain.*



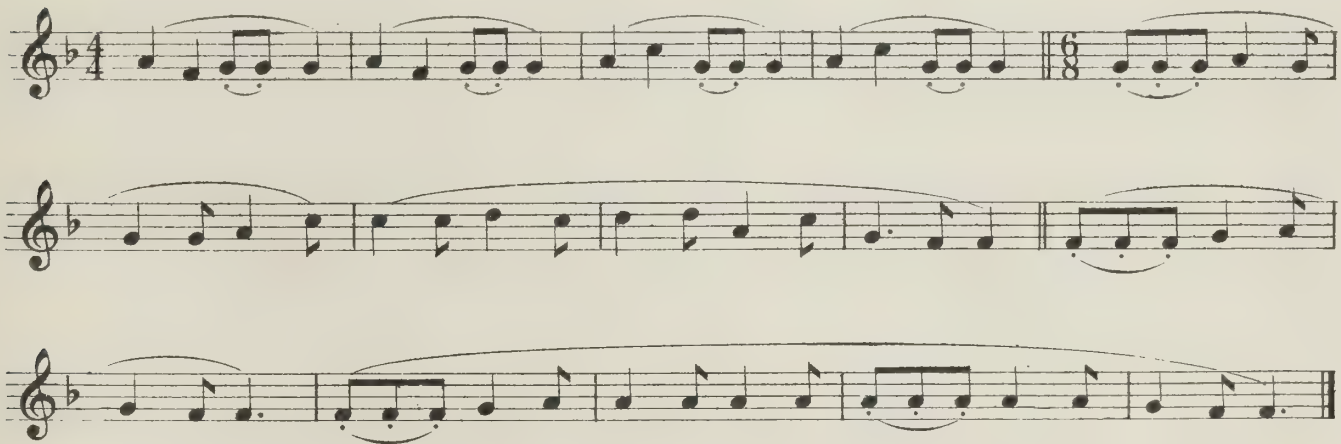
*Verse.*



While this queer old Quern Song goes happily along its own irregular way :—

### QUERN SONG.

*From Isabel Macleod, Eigg.*

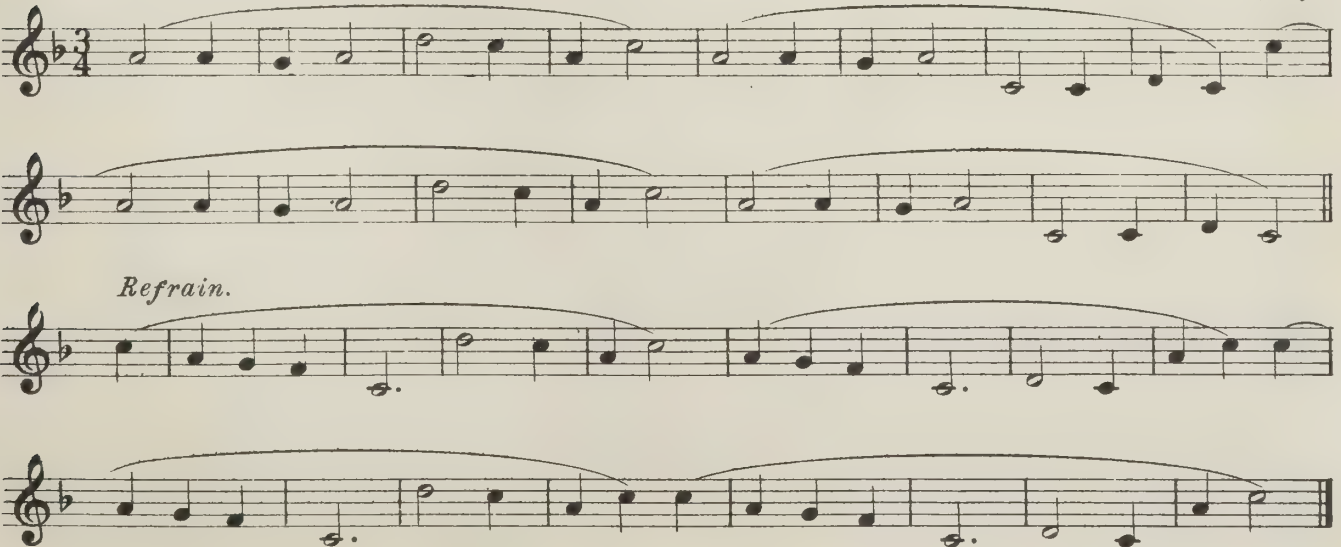


Four songs sung to us by men, all four-square :—

*Both refrain and verse 4 lined.*

*Verse.*

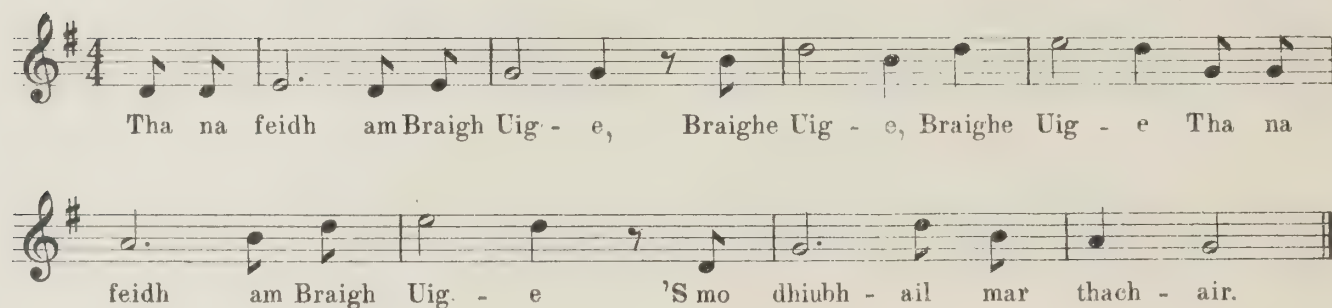
*From A. Matheson, Skye.*



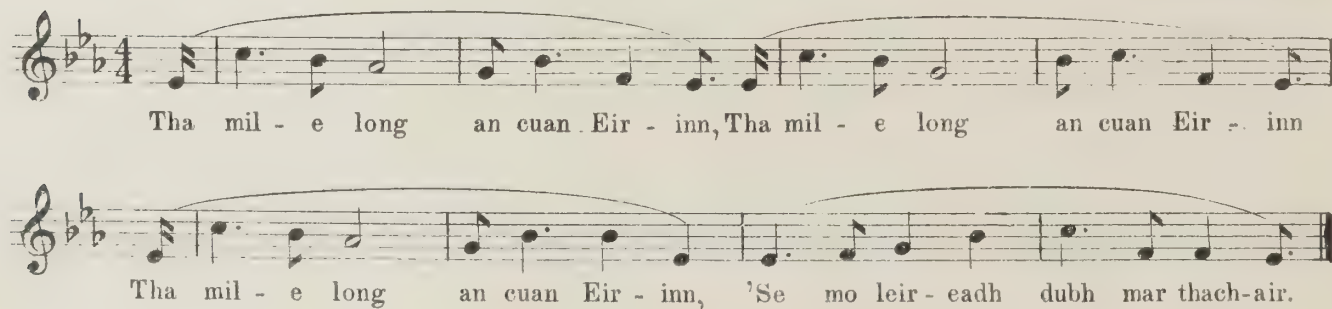
## LOVE SONG.

*From A. Matheson, Skye.*

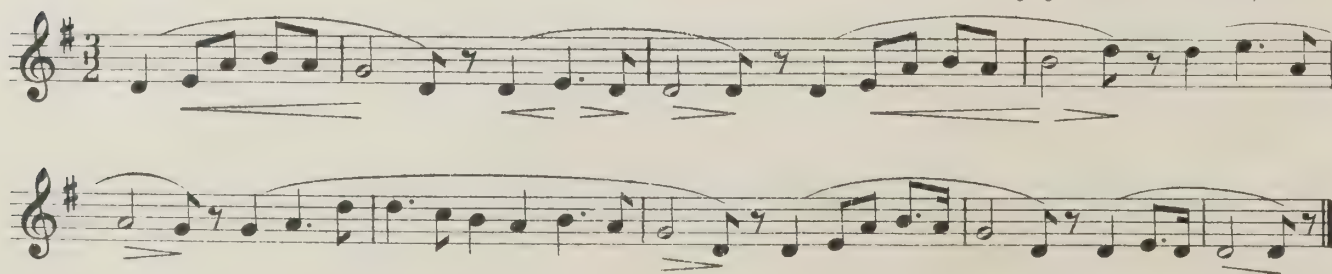
## LAMENT.

*From Alex. Nicolson, Braes, Skye.*

## HERO-KEENING.

*From Donald Macleod, Piper, Eigg.*

From Gigha, a variant of a well-known air:--

*Sung by Alastair Graham, Gigha.*

Another variant, Ossianic, tune, possibly the origina' of Raasay Love Lilt, sung by an old man who died, aged 100, in middle of Nineteenth Century.

Bi - cher - um, Boi - cher - um, bo - cher - o eil - e, Fionn - is Dearg a

*Fine.*

falbh a dh'Eirin Bi - cher - um, boi - cher - um, bo - cher - o eil - e.

*Verse.* *D.C.*

A wide-stretching tune, such as Mary Macleod sometimes used :—

#### EILEAN LEODHAIS.

*Sung by Mrs. Macmillan, at Skeabost, Skye.*

A fine onward-driving rhythmic tune from Calum Johnson, Barra :—

*Fast.* *D.C.*



Here is a fascinating dance tune from Eigg, with a sudden change of rhythm half way through:—

**PORT-A-BIAL.**  
(Mouth tune for dancing.)

*From Marion Macleod, Eigg.*

Who are the handsomest on the floor.

Co bu deis air an ur - lar, Co bu deis air an ur - lar, Co bu deis air an  
ur - lar Calum is Un - a bhoidheach!

and a little wistful air in triple time:—

**LOVE SONG.**

*From Janet Macleod, Eigg.*

and a scrap of an old Sea Song from the Lewes:—

*Fine.* *D.C.*

Bheir - inn u o ha gu sail - e, Trath ri bial a' lain o ro mo

also from the Lewes:—

*Verse.*

*Refrain.*

**PORT-A-BIAL.**  
(Mouth tune for dancing.)

*From Eriskay.*

Hill - i wiss - um, boss - um, biss - um, Hill - i wiss - um, boss - um be'o,  
Hill - i, wiss - um, boss - um, biss - um, Ha - lo - ri hi - li - o boss - um be'o.

The chants to which men were accustomed to recite the old hero tales of Fionn and Diarmid had not apparently much musical interest. Here is one remembered by Annie Johnson from the reciting of her father :—



To three or four women we were mainly indebted for the melodies in this book. To Frances Tolmie and her friend Mary Ross for "The Mannikin of the Cattle Fold," "The Sealhunter of Scavaig," and one of the airs of "The Sealmaiden"; to Marion Macleod for "Eye of Springtide," "Sea-bird flying thither," "Macleod's Galley," and "The Iona Rainbow"; to Mrs. Macleod, sen., Skeabost, Skye, for "Cool Hill Pastures" and the "Skye Milking Song"; to Lexie Macrae, Harris, for "Yont the Coolins," "The Leaping Galley," "Herding Prayer," and "To the Isle of Skye." But the main bulk of the tunes is from Barra. Annie Johnson and her brother Calum, who have helped so largely in the past, found for us "The Embarrassed Maiden," "The Potato-liftin'," "The Iona Boat-Song," and "We will go a-sailing." A fine old singer, Ealasaid M'Kinnon, The Glen, Barra, sang the airs to which we have set "Sea Feast" and "Fionn's Keening for his Grandson Oscar," sang them one evening in the early autumn, in the dusk, by her own peat-fire. But the singer in Barra whose wealth of airs finally decided the need for this further gleanings of Hebridean song was a grandame in the small, remote township of North Bay, known among the folk as "Bean Shomhairle bhig," her formal title being Mrs. M'Kinnon.

North Bay is a good 6½ miles from Castle Bay, our headquarters, and it was a grand walk over the rocks by the east side of the Isles, or by choice through the great stretch of sheen-white sands on the west. For my first visit I had for companion, Ruth Waddell, 'cellist, and we were fortunate in finding the singer alone in her cottage. She was, that afternoon, in a state of rare ecstatic musicalness, and she sang us song after song, pouring them forth in such rapid succession that it was impossible to note or even to remember any of them. So we had to turn homeward, vowing to get the phonograph sent on with the utmost despatch. On my second visit, Annie Johnson accompanied me, and while I noted the airs, she wrote the Gaelic words. For we always make a point of getting such words as still cling to the melodies, whether in the end they prove valuable or not. I had got what I wanted, I had noted all the airs that appealed to me, but I still hankered after that phonographic verification. So, fortunately, just the day before I left the Isles, the phonograph arrived from Skye, where it had been wandering, and we started out again for a last song-foray on North Bay. We had ordered a little two-wheeled trap to come for us, but alas, it arrived late, with two spokes of one of its wheels run through the tyre! We had to proceed at a snail's pace. I walked for a bit and got a lift in a cart. But the cart turned into a hamlet, and about half-way a violent rain and thunder storm drove us into the maimed dog-cart, dangerous turns of the road notwithstanding.

This time our singer had been forewarned, and either because of that or because of the storm, her cottage was crowded with sons and daughters and grandchildren of all ages, and we had a grand *ceilidh*. But her singing lacked the ecstasy of our first meeting. No wonder! Singing into the aluminium bell of a graphophone clips one's wings. But the resulting records served their purpose. I had noted, for instance, the long refrain of "Ailein Duinn," and doubted my own accuracy in this case, as such long ecstatically drawn out refrains are rare. But the phonograph record substantiated my notation.

It was now about seven o'clock in the evening of a September day, and we had yet to do on foot the seven miles that lay between us and our lair, for we could not have risked the spoke-riddled tyre of that wheel again. And, sorrow upon us! the rain began to fall in torrents and the wind to blow "as 't were blawin' its last." But there was no help for it. We left our phonograph behind, taking with us only our precious records, and after having eaten a sandwich, breasted the hills that lay between us and light and fire and bed, and in speechless and dogged onward swing tramped our way home.



Ten of the song *airs* in this volume came out of that adventure, those of "The Kyle o' Moola," "Sea-Wandering," "Binnevale," "To the Sea-King," "The Silent Crane," "Ailein Duinn," "Shoreless Seas," "Ancient Birlinn Chorus,"\* "Late lies the wintry sun abed," and "The Land of the Little People."

The air of "The Ninth Wave" comes also from North Bay. It was sung to us by a young girl kindly brought to me by a friend who heard her crooning it to herself on the magical sands of Eoligaray.

The air of "Deirdre's Farewell" I got from Kenneth Macleod himself, as also of course the famous ancient Gaelic verses and his beautiful literal translation thereof.

The tune of "The Crone's Greel" is well known. I heard it myself in Eriskay twenty years ago—but the words are new. Gaelic words given with the *Port-a-bial* known since Neil Gow's day as "Miss Drummond of Perth," are traditional, slightly altered by Kenneth MacLeod. These old *mouth-tunes* sing so well that it is probable they were invented for singing, but like old English music are "apt for voices or for viols."

One other adventure in Barra I must allude to here. As I was returning by the western shore from my second visit to North Bay, I chanced on two of my friends, the 'cellist whom I have already mentioned and her sister, a violinist, resting on the sands in the warm afternoon sun. Glad of the rest, I lay down between them on the sands. We were some little distance from the water's edge, parallel with which out in the sea, ran a long line of skerries, reefs that are covered at high tide. On the skerries were stretched, also basking in the sunlight, innumerable great grey seals, seals that visit these isles only at long intervals. My friends, great enthusiasts for Hebridean songs, who use their own string instrument arrangements of them for their students, said to me: Try singing "The Seal-woman's Sea-joy" to the seals themselves. I raised myself on my elbow—I was too lazily happy at the moment to stand erect, and with the most carrying tone I could summon, sang the first phrase of the song. Instantly the response began at the southern end of the reef, and a perfect fusilade of single answering tones came from seal after seal, travelling rapidly northward, until at the further end of the reef it ceased. Then, after a moment of intense silence, a beautiful solo voice sang this phrase:—



The voice was quite human in character but much greater in volume than any mezzo-soprano I have ever heard.

Is the song I sang† really a *seal* song, and did the Isles folk learn it from the seals? I noted it many years ago from an old Uist woman. Did the seals mistake me for one of themselves, and had the phrase I sang a meaning for them, and did they instantly grasp it and answer it?

In their answering phrase the solo seal sang the interval of an ascending sixth, a favourite melodic step with the Islesfolk in their tunes. Did the Islesfolk borrow this of the seals or the seals of the Islesfolk?

That these seals knew the whole of my tune, although I had sung only half of it to them, appeared when later in the same month and year, my friends discovered them singing the second half.

Was singing perhaps the earliest form of human speech, as Hudson, with his "Rima," would suggest, and were the Syrens of Greek story and the Lorelei of the North just such pre-human singers?

The songs contained in this volume cover a period of 2,000 years. The sorrow tale of Deirdre is supposed to belong to the first centuries of our era. With Deirdre and Fionn we are back in the pre-historic, pre-Christian era of heroic legend. Stories these that voice "a passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact." I myself have seen in the Isles wee boys open-eared rapt listeners to the old lore who may be of those "not divided from images and emotions that carry the memory backward thousands of years."

Cuchullin's name is given to the earlier cycle, that which contains the story of Deirdre, most beautiful and most sorrowful of the great women of Gaeldom. Fionn (pronounced few-n) is the great hero of the ‡later cycle which sings the deeds of his Hero Band, the Fayne.

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\* This Air may not sound convincingly Hebridean—it contains all the notes of the ordinary major scale, but one finds such occasionally.

† See Vol. II, p. 146.

‡ The men of this cycle are supposed to have lived 200 years later than those of the earlier.



The life described in these tales is the primitive life of the hunter. In the Dean of Lismore's book, 1512, we read

“ When Fionn launches his hounds on the open lea,  
Grand is the cry as they rouse the deer.”

and Caoilte, one of the hero-band, sings :—

“ Cold the winter night is, the wind is risen, the unquelled stag is on foot ; bitter cold to-night the whole mountain, yet the ungovernable stag is belling. Well the red deer sleeps that with his hide to the bulging rock lies stretched. We, Caoilte, Brown Diarmid, and keen light-footed Oscar, in the nipping night's waning end, listen to the music of the wolf-pack.”

Out of a mass of traditional heroic lore, Kenneth Macleod has been able to reduce stories to order and coherence as in his tale here of the Death of Oscar. The story of Deirdre is well known, and a beautiful coherent version was published some years ago by Dr. Alex. Carmichael, who discovered it in Barra.

Gaeldom in these days stretched to Scotland—the Scotland that was to be, known as Alba—and its headquarters were in Ireland. The High King of Erin comes thus prominently into the tales.\*

The Danes and other ravagers, alluded to poetically as the Lochlanners, colour many of the songs, and Columba and Iona (which was later laid waste by the Danes) do their share.

Of Sea Sorrow and Sea Rapture songs there are here many, and one, an ancient Birlinn Drinking song, would seem to belong to the world of Omar Khayyám.

A feature of the Sailing songs in this volume is the inclusion of three attributed to Mary Macleod, the famous Hebridean poetess of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A granddaughter of one of the Chiefs of Dunvegan, and nurse to a number of baby-chiefs, she discovered her song-making talent only at the age of 50, but she lived to the age of 105, singing and making songs to the end.

Two little songs we have included, with their English words from R. L. S.'s “ Child's Garden of Verses.” But the all-pervading poet of this, as of the previous three volumes, is Kenneth Macleod, to whose unstinted, inspired, and expert collaboration I owe a debt that can never be repaid.

---

\* The robes of the Gaels were rich in colours and in embroideries and the dress of a King of Ireland has been likened to the mist of a May morning.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



## Beauty for Ashes.

You may burn the golden glory of the gorse,  
But the roots into the rocky earth run deep,  
And the living bush will only glow to rarer fire of beauty,  
When at last beneath the mould you lie asleep.

Beauty dies not though you blast and lay it waste,  
Though you turn the whole earth to a cinder heap,  
From the ashes of your factories once again the ever-living  
Shall awake one April morning out of sleep.

*Wilfrid Gibson.*

By permission, from his latest book of poems "I heard a sailor"

*Pub. by Macmillan & Co.*



# A Herding Prayer.

Ortha Bleoghainn.

From Lexie Macrae, Harris.  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = about 72.

Love - ly  
Lust - rous  
Thig a  
Thig a

Ma - ry, Milkmaid <sup>1</sup>Breed - ya. When our herds out in pastures lie, And thou  
Mich - ael, Herdman Pa - trick, Gen - tle Ma - ry for - bye, And thou  
Mhui - re, Thig a Bhride, Thig a Mhui - re 's bligh a' bho, Thig a  
Mhich - eal, Thig a Phadruig,

<sup>2</sup>Co - lum - keel, be - lov - ed Saints, be guard - ing the <sup>3</sup>kye!  
Co - lum - keel, be - lov - ed Saints, be guard - ing the kye!  
Cha - lum - cill - e ghaol - aich, 'S cur do lamh nios fo na ba!

1. Saint Bride. 3. Cattle: to rhyme with try.

2. Columba. See "Carmina Gadelica" Vol. I. p. 272.

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poco più mosso.

Ho <sup>\*</sup>my - yun, Heh my - yun, Ho my - yun, mo  
 Ho m'aigh - ean, He m'aigh - ean, Ho m'aigh - ean mo

<sup>1</sup> ghaoil, Ho my - yun Hey my - yun <sup>2</sup> Ree na  
 ghaoil, Ho m'aigh - ean, He m'aigh - ean, Righ na

keel - a <sup>3</sup>tcheen a nowl, Ree na keel - a tcheen a nowl.  
 gil - e tighinn a nall, Righ na gil - e tighinn a nall.

*D. S.*

\* *my heifer*: young cow. Pronounce like English possessive pronoun.

<sup>1</sup> meaning "my love" pronounced very like English "girl"

<sup>2</sup> means "King of the Moon, come hither"

<sup>3</sup> pronounce like "cheer" but replace final *r* by *n*

# \*Cool Hill Pastures.

Bo Lurach Thu.

Noted from the singing of Mrs.  
MacLeod, Skeabost, Skye, and  
arranged with English words,  
by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = about 60. With hypnotic steadiness of recurring accents in the refrain.

Near by yon knowe, Dear wee dun cow,  
Bo lurach thu, Bo lurach thu,

*fp*

*Red.* \*

Near by yon knowe, Green the grass is. High on its brow,  
Bo lur-ach thu, Bo na h-airidh; Sil, ul-aidh bhàn,

Fear-less wee cow, High on its brow, Sweet the grass is.  
Bo bhainneach thu, Sil, ul-aidh bhàn, Bo na h-airidh.



① Bo loo-rach oo, Bo loo-rach oo, Bo loo-rach oo,  
*Bo lu-rach thu, Bo lu-rach thu, Bo lu-rach thu,*

*p*

Smoothly sustained, with fewer

Bo na<sup>high</sup>ree. Thou shalt have thy fill o'  
*Bo na h-airidh. Bi-leag-an beag min-e!—*

*And.* \*

strong accents.

sweet hill pas-tures, Cool hill pas-tures, Soon shalt have thy fill o'  
*Bho na h-airidh, Bho na h-airidh, Bi-leag-an beag min-e!—*

With steady recurring accents again.

sweet cool hill pas-ture. Near by yon knowe, Dear wee dun cow,  
*Bhò ghrinn na h-airidh, Bo lu-rach thu, Bo bhainneach thu.*

① Pronunciation of the gaelic refrain meaning "Cow lovely thou, Cow of the Sheiling."

Near by yon knowe, Sweet the grass is. High on its brow,  
*Bo lu - rach thu, Bo na h - airidh. Sil, ul - aidh bhàn,*

Haughty wee cow, High on its brow, Sweet the grass is.  
*Bo lu - rach thu, Sil, ul - aidh bhàn, Bo na h - airidh.*

With fewer recurring accents again as in previous page.

See the young blades shoot sae green'mang the hea-ther,  
*Fraoch a - gus fiar dhuit, Bhò na h - airidh*

Dry roots o' hea-ther, See the young blades shoot sae green 'mang the heather  
*Bhò na h - airidh, Fraoch a - gus fiar dhuit, Bhò ghrinn na h - airidh*



Near by yon knowe, Dear wee dun cow, Near by yon knowe, Green the grass is.  
*Bo lurach thu, Bo lurach thu, Bo lurach thu, Bo na h-airidh.*

High on its brow, Fear-less wee cow, High on its brow,  
*Sil, ul-aidh bhàn, Bo bhainneach thu, Sil, ul-aidh bhàn,*

Sweet the grass is, Bo loo-rach oo, Bo loo-rach oo,  
*Bo na h-airidh. Bo lu-rach thu, Bo lu-rach thu,*

Bo loorach oo, Bo na "high" ree.  
*Bo lu-rach thu, Bo na h-airidh.*

Ad.

\*



# DEIRDRE

Whose story is one of The Three Sorrows of Story-Telling.

---

THE Gael, in his high mood, thinks of Deirdre for beauty, Bride for goodness, and Mary Macleod for song, and through the eyes of these gets to know the rapture of sorrow.

The King of Erin had the wish to marry Deirdre, loveliest of the women of Gaeldom, but Deirdre herself had no will save for the youthful Naoise, who had the looks, if not the name, of a King. To get beyond the anger of the King of Erin, Deirdre and Naoise fled secretly to Alba, the Scotland that was to be, and they built their bridal hold in Glen Eite, the glen which is a cattle-fold for sunbeams. On a day there was, who came across the sea but a messenger from the King, bidding them now return in honour and friendship. In her woman's heart, Deirdre doubted; Naoise trusted in the honour of a King! But as their boat was leaving the shores of Alba, Deirdre, knowing without knowing, that they were sailing into the sorrow, sang this Farewell to Scotland, that still puts love and warmth into all big hearts.

KENNETH MACLEOD.







# \* Deirdre's Farewell to Scotland.

Deirdre a' Fagail na h-Albann.

1st verse traditional, 2nd and 3rd from Glenmasen M.S. of 1238.

Air and English translation from KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for voice and piano  
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato.

with passionate steadiness

Dea - rest \* Al - byn, Land o'er  
Ionmhainn tir, an tir ud

Smoothly flowing. ♩ = about 63.

*espress.*

Ped.

yon - der, Thou dear land of wood and wave, Sore my  
thall, — Al - bain choill - teach lin - gean - tach, Goirt mo

\*

heart that I must leave thee, But 'tis + Naoi - se I may not  
chridh - e bhi 'gad fha - gail Ach nach 'eil mi fa - gail

*cresc.*

Ped.

\*

\* A name, at that time, for what is now called Scotland.

+ A man's name, pronounced noy-sha.

⊙ pronounced Jeer-dray.

leave.  
*Naois.*

O Glen \*Ei - te, O Glen  
O Gleann Ei - te, O Gleann

*Ad.* \* *Ad.*

Ei - te, Where they build - ed my bri - dal hold, Beau-teous  
Ei - te, Ann do tho - gas mo cheud tigh, A - lann a

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*fiadh* in ear - ly morn - ing, Flocks of sun - beams crowd thy  
+ i - ar 'nei - righ, Buai - le grei - ne Gleann Ei -

*ss.*

\* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

\* Glen Eive - pronounced aitch-ah.

Farewell to Scotland.

+ after



fold.  
te.

Glen da Rua! — Glen da  
Gleann da Rua! — Gleann da

*Red.* \* *Red.*

Rua! — My love on all whose mo - ther thou, From a  
Rua! — Mo chion gach fear da na dual, 'S binn guth

*Red.* \* *Red.*

cliff - tree called a cu - ckoo, And me - thinks I hear him  
cuach ar craoibh cru - im, Ar am 1) binn 2) os Gleann da

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.*

*softly*

now.  
Rua.

Glen da Rua! — Glen da Rua! —  
Gleann da Rua! — Gleann da Rua! —

*pp*

*Red.* \* *Red.*



## Oscar.

There was a woman in <sup>1</sup>Alba washing a new tunic for Oscar of the Fayne and, wonder upon me, did not the water turn into blood, so that a raven flew across and drank of it!

In Erin the battle was going on, man to man and hero to hero, and it was before Oscar that the men and the heroes were going down.

"It is time for me," said <sup>2</sup>Cairbre the Red, King of Erin, "to hurl the spear of the seven points." "And it is time for me," said young Oscar, "to hurl the spear of the nine points." And they both fell, each pierced by the other's spear.

On the Northern strand of Erin, at that very moment, was heard a great tumult, the shouting of men and the clanging of arms. "It is the ships of my grandfather Fionn" (pron. "few'n") said the wounded Oscar, "and there is help on them for us." On the very heel of his words came Fionn himself carrying in his hand the balm that would heal every wound save that only which had poison in it. "But, there is no healing for me," said the dying Oscar. "Calf of my heart," cried Fionn, "deeper far was thy wound on the battle-day of Dun Dealgan (Jalagan) when the very solan geese could swim in thy blood, and it was my hand that made healing for thee." And he put the balm into the wound. But, after a while, a great whiteness came over the face of Oscar and Fionn turned his eyes away. "There *was* poison," he gasped, "in the spear of Cairbre the Red, King of Erin." And he who had wept but once before, when Bran, best of hounds was killed, now wept for Oscar, child of his own child, Ossian.

*Kenneth Macleod.*

The well known Celtic tales of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table have their Hebridean counterpart in the hero-tales of Fionn (pron. "Few'n") and his hero-band, the Fayne. Their hero-deeds were for centuries the daily discourse of the Islefolk by the peat fire, and indeed there was a saying that if one day passed without mention of the Fayne, the heroes would rise again! Ossian was their reputed bard and was himself one of the sons of the great leader.

*M. K. F.*

<sup>1</sup>One of the names of our country before it was called Scotland.

<sup>2</sup>Pronounced Karabra.

# \* Fionn's Keening for his Grandson, Oscar.

Laoìdh Oscair.

A PROCESSIONAL.

Gaelic edited, collated and translated from the ancient  
Lay of Oscar by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. to an air from Ealasaid, The Glen,  
Barra, by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With passionate monotony, moving forward with processional swing.

about  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked 'dolce' and the bass line is marked 'With pedal'. The introduction consists of 16 measures.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in the right hand and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The vocal melody is marked 'p e dolce' and the piano accompaniment is marked 'p e dolce'. The system consists of 16 measures.

Keen-ing hounds are by my side, He-ros hide their tears no more,  
Donn-al-aich nan con ri m' thaobh, Ul-art-aich sheann laoch nam Fiann,

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in the right hand and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The vocal melody is marked 'ten.' and the piano accompaniment is marked 'ten.'. The system consists of 16 measures.

Now they praise him, now they weep, Wound o' me! My heart is sore!  
Bann-al gul 's a' caoidh mu seach, O mo chreach! Marchraidh e mi!

*moving forward again*

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in the right hand and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The vocal melody is marked 'ten.' and the piano accompaniment is marked 'ten.'. The system consists of 16 measures.

Keen-ing hounds are by my side,  
Donn-al-aich nan con ri m' thaobh.

\* Pronounced like English "few" with an added n.



On our shields we bore him far, Far from field o'  
 Thog sinn leinn an t-Os - car grinn, Air bharr sgiath o

*mp*

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*

deeds and doom, O'er those heights and o'er those deeps,  
 bhlàr nam feachd, Chuir sinn iò - sal chuir sinn aird,

*cresc. poco a poco*

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*

Till we laid him here, by the tomb. On our shields we  
 Gus an d'ràin - ig sinn a leac. *ten.* Thog sinn leinn an

*ten. moving forward again*

*mp*

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*

bore him far.  
 t-Os - car grinn.

*p*

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*



Like as wo - man keens her child, Keen we Os - car,  
 Caoin - eadh mnà air mac - an gaoil, Caoin - eadh slòigh air

*p*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

Where he lies, Blood and bone of child of mine,  
 Os - car ùr, Laogh and mo lein - ibh ghil 's mo laogh fhein,

*f*

Nev - er - more wilt thou a - rise. Like as wo - man  
 Gu la bhrath cha'n eir - ich thu. ten. Caoin - eadh mnà air

*f* *ten.* *p*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

keens her child.  
 mac - an gaoil.

*p*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

# <sup>1</sup> The potato liftin'?

Or a Bhonnagan.

A Grandame's Lilt.

Gaelic Words and Air from  
ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra, Sept. 1923.

Translation and Accomp. by

M. KENNEDY FRASER.

Lovingly, with humour, not rantingly.

*♩ = about 80.*

*Rockingly*

*With Ped.*

On your  
+ *Or a*  
*Air do*

fee - ti - ken my dear, On your fee - ti - ken, A - rye, On your  
*bhon - nag - an a ghaoil, Or a bhon - nag - an a ghraidh, Or a*

fee - ti - ken my dear, Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try. On your  
*bhon - nag - an a ghaoil, Theid thu tho - gail a bhun - tat. Or a*

\* A ghraidh, pronounced A rye, (to rhyme with cry) means my love. + Or a is a Barra contraction for Air do.



fee - ti - ken my dear, On your fee - ti - ken, A - rye, On your  
*bhon-nag - an a ghaoil, Or a bhon-nag - an a ghraidh, Or a*

fee - ti - ken my dear, Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try.  
*bhon-nag - an a ghaoil, Theid thu tho - gail a bhun - tat.*

I'll no let ye to the well, I'll no let ye to the shore, I'll no  
*O cha leig mi thu an to-bair, O cha leig mi thu an traigh, O cha*  
 Ye wad loi-ter on the shore Or at peats when they are dry, But on



let ye to the well, The po - ta - toes need ye sore. I'll no  
*leig mi thu an tobair, Ach a tho - gail a bhun - tat. O cha*  
 so - le - kins, my dear, Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try. Ye'll no

let ye to the well, To the shore, be't wet or dry, I'll no  
*leig mi thu an to - bair, O cha leig mi thu an traigh, O cha*  
 loi - ter by the shore Or at peats when they are dry, But on

let ye to the well, Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try.  
*leig mi thu an to - bair, Ach a tho - gail a bhun - tat.*  
 so - le - kins, my dear, Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try.

On your feeti - ken my dear, On your feetiken, A-rye, On your feeti - ken my dear, Ye'll po -  
Or a bhonnagan a ghaoil, Or a bhonnagan a ghraidh, Or a bhonnagan a ghaoil, Theid thu

-ta - to lift-in' try, On your feeti - ken my dear, On your feeti - ken, A rye, On your  
thogail a bhuntat, Or a bhonnagan a ghaoil, Or a bhonnagan a ghraidh, Or a

fee - ti - ken my dear, Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try,  
bhon-nag - an a ghaoil, Theid thu tho - gail a bhun - tat,

D. %

*Last time only.*

On your fee-ti - ken my dear, ——— Ye'll po - ta - to lift - in' try.  
Or a bhon-nag - an a ghaoil ——— Theid thu tho-gail a bhuntat.

*a little slower.*

# The Rocks o' <sup>\*</sup>Rōdel.

An Cuilean Mara.

(WEE SEA-DOG.)

Mouth-Music from Skye after a Port-a-beul  
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER  
and KENNETH MACLEOD.

$\text{♩} = \text{about } 72.$  With a rigorous rhythm.

Hin, hin, <sup>1</sup>coolan mara, Hin, hin, coolan mara,

Hin, ho, cool-an ma-ra, Gang wi' me to the shore. Hin, hin, cool-an mar-a,

Hin, hin, cool-an mar-a, Hin, ho, cool-an mar-a, Gang wi' me to the shore.

<sup>\*</sup>Rōdel, a seaport in Harris.

<sup>1</sup>wee dog of the sea.



Pu - in' fresh dulse an' mussels, Fresh sea dulse an' mussels, Pu - in' fresh dulse an' mussels,

By the rocks o' Rō - del. Pu - in' fresh dulse an' mussels, Fresh sea dulse an' mussels,

Pu - in' fresh dulse an' mussels, By the rocks o' Rō - del. Hin, hin, cool-an mar-a,

Hin, hin, cool-an mar-a, Hin, ho, cool-an mar-a, Gang wi' me to the shore.

\* This first syllable may be omitted in order to take breath.

Hin, hin, cool-an mar-a, Hin, hin, cool-an mar-a, Hin, ho, cool-an mar-a,

Gang wi' me to the shore. See the bir - linns a-pass-in' Out to sun - sets a-pass-in'

See the bir - linns a-pass-in' By the rocks o' Rō - del. See the bir - linns a-pass-in'

Out to sun - sets a-pass-in' See the bir - linns a-pass-in' By the rocks o' Rō - del.

## A Sailing Song Cycle.

'Yont the Coolins  
We will go a sailing  
By the Kyles o' Moola  
The leaping galley.

Taobh Thall a' Chuilinn  
Gun cuir sinn mach an iubhrach  
Tre Chaol Muile Gaoil  
Long a' Leumraich.



# Sail Hoisting Chanty.

Yont the Coolins.

Taobh thall a' Chuilinn.

Words, Gaelic and English by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Set to an air from Lexie Macrae, Harris,  
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

$\text{♩}$  = about 72. With onward sweep.

The musical score is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system includes vocal entries for 'Hook' and 'Hug' with lyrics in both Gaelic and English. The third system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment.

**System 1: Piano Introduction**

**System 2: Vocal Entries**

Hook or yon o hee - o,      Hook or yon - o hee - o ho, Hook  
 Hug o rionn o hi o,      Hug o rionn o hi o ho, Hug

**System 3: Continuation**

or - yon o hee - o!  
 o rionn o hi o!

All the won - ders yont our croft dykes, I will see if I but may, Hook  
*H-uil - e iogh - nadh seach an leac - ainn, 'S mi gu faic ma dh'fhaodas mi, Hug*

(1)

*Lead.* \* *Lead.* \*

or - yon o hee - o, Hook or - yon o — hee - o ho, Hook or - yon o  
*o rionn o hi o, Hug o rionn o — hi o ho, Hug o rionn o*

*Lead.* \* *Lead.* \* *Lead.* \* *Lead.* \* *Lead.* \*

hee - o.  
 hi o.

*Lead.* \*

(1) If preferred, all three verses may be sung to accompaniment of first verse.  
 Sail Hoisting Chanty.

All the ships that sail to Loch - lin, I will steer if I but may, Hook.  
*H-uile long a chàir - ear siuil rith, 'S mi gun stiuir ma dh'fhaodas mi, Hug*

or - yon o hee - o, Hook or - yon o hee - o ho, Hook or - yon o  
*o rionn o hi o, Hug o rionn o hi o ho, Hug o rionn o*

*Red.*

hee - o.  
 hi o.





All the sun - sets yont the Cool-ins, I will reach if  
*Fa - da Siar taobh thall a' Chuil-inn, 'Smi gu ruig, ma*

*p e dolce*

I but may, Hook or yon o hee - o, Hook  
*dh' fhaodas mi, Hug o rionn o hi o, Hug*

*R.H. pesante cresc. poco*

*Red. \**

or - yon o hee - o ho, Hook or yon o  
*o rionn o hi o ho, Hug o rionn o*

*R.H. a poco*

*Red. \**

hee - o.  
*hi o.*

*R.H. exultantly sfz*

*Red. \**

# We will go a-sailing.

Gun cuir sinn mach an Iubhrach.

Words, Gaelic and English, by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

To a tune from Calum Johnson, Barra  
arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Con moto, about  $\text{♩} = 104$  With a steady joyous swing.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Con moto, about  $\text{♩} = 104$ ' and the character is 'With a steady joyous swing'. The lyrics are in both Gaelic and English. The piano part features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some measures marked with 'Led.' and '\*'.

**System 1:**

Vocal: And we will go a -  
Gun cuir sinn mach an

**System 2:**

Vocal: sail - ing <sup>1</sup>A - roon, by the <sup>2</sup>So - dor Isles, And we will go a -  
iubh - rach, A rùn, bho na clad - aich - ean, Gun cuir sinn mach an

**System 3:**

Vocal: sail - ing To track the lads a - yont the Kyles. Yes, we will go a -  
iubh - rach Air lorg nam fiur - an fa - da thall. 'S gun cuir sinn mach an

<sup>1</sup> My dear

<sup>2</sup> Sodor, earlier Sudreys, The Southern Isles, the Norwegian name for the Hebrides to distinguish them from the Nordreys, The Northern Isles, applied to Orkney and Shetland. The name Sodor still survives in the Anglican bishopric of Sodor and Man.

- sail - ing, A - roon, by the So - dor Isles, And we will go a -  
iubh - rach, A rùn, bho na clad - aich - ean 'S gun cuir sinn mach an

sail - ing To track the dreams a - yont the Kyles. It's free there, it's  
iubh - rach Air lorg nam fiùr - an fa - da thall. Tha saors' ann, tha  
There's joy there and  
Ceol - gair - e nan

*Sustained*

way - less there, A new day each day, my lad, The heart's throb can  
son - as ann, gun sion ann ni do - laidh dhuit, Gach màir - each 'na  
fey sea - laugh - ter, Lilts like the drift o' sand, There's storms too and  
gill - ean ann, A sheòl bho gach in - nis ann, Is gràdh anns gach

*Ed.*

\*



steer the boat, Its law is like the wind, my lad, So we will go a -  
*choth-rom dhuit Gu cor as fhearr na's fhaid-e thall, 'S gun cuir sinn mach an*  
 thrill o' wind, And boats of yew from <sup>3</sup>Loch-lann-land,  
*cridh-e dhuit 'S an' lin-ne ghaoil ud fa-da thall.*

*or*

sail - ing, A - roon, by the So - dor Isles, Yes, we will go a -  
*iubh - rach, A run, bho na clad-aich-e an, 'S gun cuir sinn mach an*

sail - ing To track the dreams a - yont the Kyles.  
*iubh - rach, Air lorg nam fiur-an fa-da thall.*

*Dal*

*Fine.*

*Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.* \*

<sup>3</sup> A mythical land over (or under) the waves.

# By the Kyle o' Moola.

Tre Chaol Muile Gaoil.

Words Gaelic & English by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

to an air from Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>KINNON N. Bay Barra  
arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With decision ♩ = about 88.

By the Kyle o' Moola, We'll out -  
Thar a' chuan thun m'aighear, Cul mo

*wistfully*

*with decision*

sail the life o' yon slave, By the Kyle o' Mool - a,  
chinn ri faidh - ir ri fuath, Thar a' chuan thun m'aighear,

*a trifle more deliberately*

Speed my boat a - cross the sea, Cleave those tumb - ling wa - ters whose laugh - ter  
Tre chaol Muil - e hi ri bho, Tre chaol Muil - e hi ri ri eil - e

1. The Sound of Mull.

2. the daily routine of each one of us.



Leaves us daft and free, A ho hee - a hoo-a  
*Tre chaol Muil-e gaoil A ho hi - a hu-a*

By the Kyle o' Mool-a, We'll out - sail the life o' yon slave, By the  
*Thar a' chuan thun m'aighear, Cul mo chinn ri fas-an ri fuachd, Thar a'*

*Ped. \* Ped. \**

Kyle o' Mool-a. Joy to steer for nowhere near, Joy to ride o'er ruts that like wa - ter,  
*chuan thun m'aighear. Tre chaol Muil-e hi ri bho, Tre chaol Muil - e hi ri ri eil - e,*

*Ped. \**

Leap and laugh nor fear, A ho hee - a hoo-a.  
*Tre chaol Muil-e gaoil A ho hi - a hu-a.*

*Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped.*



By the Kyle o' Mool-a, We'll out-sail the life o' yon slave,  
Thar a' chuan thun m'aighear, Bidh mo shuil ri fa-da mu thuati,

By the Kyle o' Mool-a. Ha! the tang for far free ways, Hey! the  
Thar a' chuan thun m'aighear. Tre chaol Muil-e hi ri bho, Tre chaol

\*

itch for witch-er-y shore-lands, Dear and name-less days, By the  
Muil-e hi ri ri eil-e, Tre chaol Muil-e gaoil A ho

Kyle o' Mool-a.  
hi-a hu-a.

Fin.

\*

# The Leaping Galley.

Long a' Leumraich.

Gaelic words, collected and edited by KENNETH MACLEOD.  
from sea-poem attributed to Mary Macleod 16<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> Cent.

To an air noted from Lexie Macrae, Harris,  
by M. KENNEDY - FRASER.

With a joyous fluency. about ♩ = 120.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 4/4 time, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano), and features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, leaping effect. The bass clef part consists of sustained chords. The second system continues the melody and bass accompaniment, marked *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a *Red.* (Reduction) instruction.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is marked *with sea ecstasy* and *ten.* (tenuto). The lyrics are: "In pride, high leap - est thou, My brave, pranc - ing / Ho ro, ro, leumaidh tu, Ho ro ro le". The piano accompaniment is marked *deciso* (decisive) and includes a *R.H.* (Right Hand) instruction. The piece concludes with a *Red.* (Reduction) instruction.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is marked *ten.* (tenuto). The lyrics are: "gal - lop - ing gal - ley, So high, high, leap - est thou, / fir - um far - um, Ho ro, ro, leum - aidh tu." The piano accompaniment continues the lively melody. The piece concludes with a *Red.* (Reduction) instruction.



Sea - birds watch thee  
Ri! gur h-ait mo

*sostenuto*

ten.

sail - ing sea - ward  
long air sàì - le

In pride, high leap-ing thou, My  
Ho ro, ro leumaidh tu, Ho

*p*

brave, pranc - ing, gal - lop - ing gal - ley, In pride, high  
ro ro le fir - um far - um, Ho ro, ro,

*fluently*

ten.

or  
leap - ing thou.  
leumaidh tu.

*ten.*



E'en swift wind ne'er matched thy swift - ness!  
 Cha'n eil gaoth a chum - as fair oirr'!

In pride, high leap - est thou, My  
 Ho ro, ro, leum - aidh tu, Ho

brave ro pranc - ing gal - lop - ing gal - ley, so high, high,  
 ro le firum farum, Ho ro, ro, *ten.*

leap - ing thou.  
 leum - aidh tu.

*fluently*





## Farewell to the Isles.

① "Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, thou art sailing into the exile," cried the steersman, "but I am not hearing thy lament for Dunvegan." "Let the lament, O steersman, come from those who are losing the song and not from her who is carrying away the song with her."

In these sore days the Gael, sailing into the exile, looks straight in front of him, as though leaving nothing behind him worth looking at. And yet for a man whose back is turned to the Isle, he sees uncannily well every feature and every tint of that same Isle. The hills, to his great wonder, are at this moment of the same blue as the waters of the Kyle he is passing through. An old fisherman is hobbling down to the White Creek to trim his boat for the evening's venture. Further away, near the foot of the hills, the boys of the township, (whistling tunes, to be sure, if he could only hear them) are making for the hazel wood to gather nuts for Hallowe'en, and to cut withies for the winter's creel-making. And on a skerry near the shore, a crane, silent and motionless as the rock itself, is gazing into the depths as if seeing visions.

"As it is, as it was, as it evermore shall be." The lament, sore and red hot, came to Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, as soon as the old anger and the new wonder had worn off her in the land of exile.

It's seaward our sailing, it's shoreward our yearning,  
The hills are in blue like the blue of the Kyles,  
A day of the days for the creek and the hazel,  
But tell not my heart: it's farewell to the Isles.

We gave them our fishing, our hunting, our vision,  
We gave them our blood and we stifled our wail;  
They hired them our country but left us our kirkyard  
To hold, if we had one, the soul of the Gael.

Beyond the Atlantic the far away land is  
That, smiling, puts on us her lure and her wiles;  
Tho' hearts may be breaking, tho' knees may be shaking,  
Too proud to look backward, we sail from the Isles.

Yet weep not for Islesfolk who leave in the silence,  
But weep for the minds that are blind to a wrong;  
And weep for the sheilings now lonesome as widows,  
Where silent for ever the laughter and song.

It's seaward our sailing, it's shoreward our yearning,  
The hills are in blue like the blue of the Kyles,  
A day of the days for the creek and the hazel,  
But tell not my heart: it's farewell to the Isles.

*KENNETH MACLEOD.*

① Nurse and poetess, exiled from Skye because she made too many songs!



# \* Macleod's Galley.

(Long MhicLeoid.)

Gaelic words collected and edited (with translation)

by KENNETH MACLEOD.

From sea poem attributed  
to MARY MACLEOD.

Set to two airs (from Barra and Eigg)

by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Questioningly, with increasing excitement and pride.*

Led.

What yon great ship? Hee ree a vo — Sail - ing coast-wise, Hee ree a vo —  
Co i'n long ud? Hi ri a bho — Seach an eir-thir, Hi ri a bho —

\* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led.

*Broader* *Tempo primo*

Our own gal-ley she! — What yon great ship? Hee ree a vo —  
Long mo lein-ibh i! — Co i'n long ud? Hi ri a bho —

\* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led.

*Broader*

Ship o' great kings, Hee ree a vo — Our own gal-ley she!  
Long nan righ-rean, Hi ri a bho — Long mo lein-ibh i!

*deciso*

\* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led.

Prow to sea-ward,  
Naile! bhi tri - all

*deciso* *proudly*

\* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led.

Out we sail, Tho' wait-ing to - day, We'll sail to - mor - row! Ho ee a vo  
Gu so fhag-ail, Fuirich an diugh Is falbh am mair-each! Ho i a bho

*deciso*

\* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led.

Ho ee a vo  
Ho i a bho

*Led.* \*

\* Led. \* Led.

Hook o ail - y Ho ee a vo Out-ward sail - ing!  
Hug o eil - e Ho i a bho 'S falbh am mair-each!

*deciso*

\* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led.



Wells of wa-ter, Hee ree a vo—  
Tob - arfior-uisg, Hi ri a bho—

*limpidly flowing*

\* Red. \*

Swell - ing prow - ard, Hee ree a vo— Wells o' red wine,  
Shios 'na deir eadh, Hi - ri a bho— Tob - ar fio - na,

\* Red. \*

Hee ree a vo— Flow - ing stern-ward, Hee ree a vo—  
Hi ri a bho— 'Na ceann eil - e, Hi ri a bho—

\* Red. \*

*Broader*

Our own galley she!—  
Long mo leinibh i!—

*deciso exultingly*

\* Red. \*



*Briskly moving forward*

High on wave - tops now we sail, And fol - low their wake To  
 Naile! bhi tri - all Gus an sàr - thir, Fálbh air bharr Nan

deeds of dar - ing! Ho ee a vo \_\_\_\_\_  
 tonn as aird - e! Ho i a bho \_\_\_\_\_

*Lead.* \*

Ho ee a vo \_\_\_\_\_ High low, There's deeds o' dar - ing!  
 Ho i a bho \_\_\_\_\_ Ha i lo Hug o eil - e.

*Lead.* \*

To Dun - tultm of  
 Gu Dun - tuilm nam

*p suavely*  
 8

*Lead.* \* *Lead.* \*

tow'r - ing walls, Where feast-ing they call for pip - ing, harp - ing,  
 baid - eal ard - a Far an seinn - te Piob is clar - sack

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Ho ee a vo Ho ee a vo  
 Ho i a bho Ho i a bho

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

High low there's feast-ing, harp-ing—  
 Far an seinn - te Piob is clar-sack—  
 or ad lib exultingly to the end.

Ho ee a vo—  
 Ho i a bho—

*p* *p* *p distant*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*p* dying in the distance

Ho ee a vo.  
 Ho i a bho.

\* *Ped.* \* both pedals to the end.



# \*Sea Feast.

Cuirm - Mhara.

Gaelic and English words from Kenneth Mac Leod,  
the original attributed to Mary Mac Leod, Mairi,  
daughter of Alastair Rua, 16th. - 17th. cent.

Air collected from Ealasaid, the Glen, Barra,  
arr. by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

A or Ab  $\text{♩} = 60$ . With a steady throb.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/2 time. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The piece concludes with a fermata over the final chord.

The first vocal entry is marked with a (1) and includes the Gaelic and English lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The piece ends with a fermata.

(1) Horrum soora - vee hoo haw, Heart's de - sire - be  
Horrum sura - bhi hu ha, Rùn do chridh - e

The second vocal entry continues the melody and includes the Gaelic and English lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The piece ends with a fermata.

guid - ance to her! Horrum soora - vee hoo haw.  
dean - amh aird dhi! Horrum sura - bhi hu ha.



\* Ship o' my child, the seas a - sail - ing, Horrum soora - vee hoo haw.  
 Long mo lein - ibh, Long nan cuan i, Horrum sur-a - bhi hu ha.

Spied I her at break o' dawn - ing, Heard I far, her clank - ing, roll - ing,  
 Thog' mo shuil i'm bun na h - àine, Thog' mo chluas a siab 's a stair-neil,

Horrum soora - vee hoo haw.  
 Horrum sura - bhi hu ha.

\* Mary Macleod had been nurse to the chief.  
 Sea Feast.

Horrum soora - vee hoo haw. Gay the tunes of  
 Horrum sura - bhi hu ha, Gair - ich phiob is

*leggiere.*

pi - per, harp - er, Horrum soora - vee hoo haw.  
 teu - dail chlar - sach Horrum sura - bhi hu ha.

Frolicsome they with song and laughter, Horrum soora - vee hoo haw.  
 Surd air mire, surd air gaire, Horrum sura - bhi hu ha.



*broaden*

or { Sheen o' can - dles, gleam o' fla-gons, Feast for chief o'  
 Shin - ing can - dles, gleam - ing fla-gons, Fleadh is flaith air  
 Ceir a' las - adh, pios a' dearrsadh,

*broaden*

*Red.* \* *Red.*

migh - ty val - iance. Horrum soora vee hoo haw. Heart's de-sire be  
 bharr an àil - ghis. Horrum sura - bhi hu ha. Rùn do chridh-e

*Broader*

*a little broader but dolce*

\* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

guid - ance to her! Ship o' my child, the great sea ro - ver,  
 dean - amh aird dhi! Long mo lein - ibh, Long nan cuan i.

*espressivo.* *primo tempo*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

Horrum soora - vee hoo haw.  
 Horrum sura - bhi hu ha.

*f* *p senza rall.*

*Red.* \*



# Sea Processional.

To the Sea-King of the Isles.

Rìgh Manainn.

Gaelic words collected and edited by KENNETH MACLEOD,  
from sea-poem attributed to Mary Macleod.

Set to an air from Mrs. M<sup>c</sup> Kinnon, North Bay Barra,  
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Maestoso, with very steady rhythm. ♩ = about 56.

*f marcato* *p*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

*f marcato* *p*

Ho ree ree haw ree ho - ro. Ho hee ree haw ree  
Hao ri ri hao ri ho - ro. Hao hi ri hao ri

ho - ro Great sea - ro - ving to \*King Man - ann!  
ho - ro Siubh - al fa - da aig Rìgh Man - ainn!

Red. \* Red. \*

\*Manann, son of King Lir (Lear) Celtic God of the Sea, gives his name to the Isle of Man.

Ho la vo haw ree hoo o Sail ing twixt  
Ho la bho hao ri hu o Ead ar

*marcato* *sonorously*

Ped. \*

Ork ney Isles and E rin. Haw ree ho ro  
Eir inn a gus Ar caibh. Hao ri ho ro

*sfz* *Ped.*

Ped. \*

ho ree hoo a Hee ree ree haw ree  
ho ri hu a Hi ri ri hao ri

*marcato* *Ped.*

Ped. \*

ho ro! Hee ree ree haw ree ho ro  
ho ro! Hi ri ri hao ri ho ro

*Ped.* *Ped.*

Ped. \*



Ne'er curved whelk on bed of o - cean, Ho la vo  
 Cha'n eil faoch - ag chrom 's an ai - geal, Ho la bho

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The piano part consists of chords and single notes.

ha ree hoo - o But thy keel will  
 ha ri hu - o Nach toir druim do

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has some notes with ties. The piano accompaniment includes some longer note values and ties.

sure - ly scrape on. Hee ho ro va  
 luin - ge snag oirr. Hi ho ro bhu

The third system includes a dynamic marking *sfz* (sforzando) in the piano part. The vocal line has a note with an accent (>). The piano accompaniment features some longer note values and ties.

ho ree hoo - o Ho hee ree haw ree  
 ho ri hu - o Ho hi ri hao ri

The fourth system concludes the page. The vocal line has a long note with a tie. The piano accompaniment includes some longer note values and ties.



ho - ro,                      Ho        hee        ree        haw        ree        ho - ro.  
 ho - ro,                      Ho        hi        ri        hao        ri        ho - ro.

What        so        rock or cove        thy        ha - ven.        Ho        la        vo        ha        ree\_  
 Ge        b'e        laim-rig dhuit        no        ca - la.        Ho        la        bho        ha        ri\_

hoo - o,                      Shout they will        boat - songs,        shout - ing        in  
 hu - o,                      Eigh - ear        ior - ram,        Eigh - ear

rap - ture!                      Hee        ho        ro        va        ho        ro        hoo - a!  
 caith-ream!                      Hi        ho        ro        bha        ho        ro        hu - a!

Like as a lamb a - track-ing its sheep - fold!  
 Mar a lor - gas u - an a mhain - nir,

Hee ho ro - va ho - ree hoo - a Gen - tle track-ing thee and sim - ple. —  
 Hi ho ro - bha ho ri hu - a Lor - gar thu le mith 's le maith-ean.

Ho la vo ha ree hoo - a — Like as a lamb a -  
 Ho la bha ha ri hu - a — Mar a lor - gas

- track - ing its sheep - fold, Hee ho ro - va ho ree hoo - a. —  
 u - an a mhain - nir, Hi ho ro - bha ho ri hu - a. —

*f* *p*

\* *Ad.*

# Sea - wandering.

From Mrs. M<sup>c</sup> Kinnon, North Bay, Barra,  
arr. by M. KENNEDY - FRASER.

Rousing, with decision ♩ = 66

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

*With strongly accented rhythm*

Ho ro— va lyó Ho - ee ro ho nal - liv—  
Ho ro— bha leó Ho i ro ho nail - ibh—

Red. \*

Ho ro— va lyó Sail - ing with thee thro' seas of E - rin—  
Ho ro— bha leó Shiubh - lann leat tro chuan na h-Ei - reann.

*suavely*



*Strongly accented again*

Ho ro — va — lyó Ho — ee ro Ho nal — liv  
 Ho ro — bha leó Ho i ro Ho nail — ibh —

*deciso*

*Red.*

Ho ro — va — lyó  
 Ho ro — bha leó

*Red.* *Red.* \*

Come, lads\_ pull thro'  
 Ho ro — bha leó

*Red.* \*

Ho — ee ro ho — nal — liv Come lads\_ pull thro'.  
 Ho i ro ho — nail — ibh — Ho ro — bha leó

*Smoothly sustain*

Sail we to Greece by blue seas and green Is - lands. Ho ro\_\_ va - lyó  
 Shiubh - lann leat\_\_ tro 'chuan na Grei - ge.\_\_ Ho ro\_\_ bha leó

*suavely* *still softly*

Ho - ee ro\_\_ Ho\_\_ nal - liv\_\_ Ho ro\_\_ va - lyó.  
 Ho i ro\_\_ Ho\_\_ nail - ibh\_\_ Ho ro\_\_ bha leó.

*cresc.*

*deciso*

# The Wind on the Machair.

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD to an air  
and refrain from Morrison, N. Uist.  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = about 84.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is indicated as approximately 84 beats per minute.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of eighth-note triplets in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. A first ending bracket labeled '1 Sing' covers the final two measures of the system.

**System 2:** The vocal line contains the lyrics: "high" di-lan-na, ho hee, Winds a-blow-ing, winds a-blow-ing. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including triplets and slurs.

**System 3:** The vocal line contains the lyrics: High di-lan-na, ho hee. The piano accompaniment concludes with a series of triplets. Dynamic markings *f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo) are present in the piano part.

*Ed.*

<sup>1</sup> The refrain has no meaning.  
Pronounce "high" as in English.



Winds a - blow-ing o'er the Machair, Like your wish-ing, fresh and free,  
 Winds a - blow-ing o'er the Machair, Just at play, like you and me,  
 Winds a - blow-ing o'er the Machair, Death to webs and life to glee,

Tang o' shore and shell and tan-gle,  
 Track o' seal and Loch-linn's ei-der, Pulls my sea-blood out to sea. Sing  
 Boat that sails for joy o' sail-ing,

high di-lanna, ho hee, Winds a-blow-ing, winds a-blow-ing,

High di-lanna, ho hee. *D. S.* Last time

*f* *pp*

\* Sandy dunes by the sea-shore, *ch* sounded as in German and Lowland Scots.

# A Birlinn Health - Drinking Chant.

Oran na Birlinn.

Translation and ancient Gaelic  
from KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. to an air from M<sup>rs</sup> M<sup>c</sup> Kinnon N. Bay, Barra,  
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Steadily rhythmical ♩ = 92.

Ho la vee o, Ho - rin-yo  
Ho la bhi o, Ho - rionn io

Ho la vee o, Ho - rin-yo.  
Ho lu bhi o Ho - rionn io.

§ SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. { Far a - way the mist I see,— Ho la vee o, Ho - rin-yo.  
S'fhada bhuam a chi mi an ceo,— Ho la bhi o Ho - rionn io.

2. { Isle of youth whose bens I see,—  
Chi mi'n t-àit an robh mi og,—

\* This opening form of the refrain was never repeated by the singer. There were frequently such introductory strains.



## SOLO.

## CHORUS.

Thro' its haze the Isle I love,  
*Chi mi Mui - le nam beann mor,*  
 E'en the dew up - on each blade,  
*Chi mi'n druchd air bharr an fheoir,*

Ho la vee o, Ho - rin-yo.  
 Ho la bhi o, Ho rionn io.

Ho la vee o, Ho - rin-yo.  
 Ho la bhi o, Ho rionn io.

*steadily.*



3. Joy to all who still have life, Ho la vee o, Ho - rin-yo.  
*Beannachd air na gaolaich bheo,*

4. <sup>1</sup>Tho' the skull be on the board, Ho la bhi o, Ho - rionn io.  
*Ged tha'n claigeann air a' bhòrd*

Peace to all who sleep in death. Ho la vee o Hó - rin-yó  
*Beannachd air gach aon fo'n fhoid.*

Joy be ours, if near the Shades. Ho la bhi o, Ho - rionn io.  
*'S fhad-a bhuam a chi min ceo.*

Hó la vee ó, Hó - rin-yó  
 Ho la bhi o, Ho - rionn io.

1. An ancient custom when men were seated round the festive board.

An Ancient Birlinn Chorus.

*D.S.*

## St. Columba's Linn.

---

St. Columba's Linn, in the Isle of Eigg, being fed by a burn running through peat-moss, gets smaller and smaller in the days of drought, but never quite dries up. There are always tiny runlets trickling over the rock into the linn—just enough to baptize the children and keep the Faith alive, until the showers fall. In the number of those tricklets there are meanings. Are there nine? The child baptized under them becomes strong and beautiful as the nine rays of the sun, or as the ninth wave, the wave of healing, on the Laig strand after full tide. Are there seven? The child becomes a rover and adventurer, seeing through the weather of the seven elements the wonders of the seven days and the many seven years. Are there three tricklets? The child becomes like unto the Iona ones through the mystic symbol of the Triune, and has the knowledge of the three Kingdoms, earth and sea and sky. But even in Eigg the numbers are not always sacred, and then the child grows up to be a common man, neither better nor worse than his neighbors, doing his days work in the field or on the sea, with a place finally in St. Donnan's churchyard.

*KENNETH MACLEOD.*

# The Iona Rainbow.

Sailing Hymn of Columba's Disciples.

Air from Marion Macleod, Eigg.

Words by Kenneth Macleod.

Arr. for voice and piano by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Maestoso ma con moto. about. ♩ = 88.

Oh Lord of the

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with some triplets and slurs.

Heights, whose eye en— cir— cles The land and the sea and smiles thro' the thun— der.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a half note C5 and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic textures.

Smile on us too, as sail we outward, To far blue isles with tales of the won— der

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4, followed by a half note C5 and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.



## SHORT CHORUS.

## VERSE.

Of our Christ, our Crown, our song, our psal-ter. Be - yond those waves, strong

hearts are long-ing For Heav'n's own tales, sweet sounds of the psal - ter.

Fair be our breeze, as out-ward we bear Our Christ, our Crown, our

## LONG CHORUS.

song and our Al - tar, Our Christ,— our Crown, our song, our Al - tar, To

far blue Isles, sweet sounds of the psal-ter Bear Christ, our Crown, our

song, our Al - tar.

I - o - na shall grow 'mid far - off

oak trees, The oak-trees shall hear of Love thou a - wak - est, A - loft in the



sky thy rain-bow we see: The Dru-id thou mad'st the Saint thou re - mak-est.

*SHORT CHORUS.* *VERSE.*

Bear Christ, our crown, our song, our psal - ter. Be - side those

waves, we kneel and praise thee, For wind and

tide, for share of life's dan - ger. Well if at eve, I -



on - a we make, E'en well tho' sleep we the sleep of the

## LONG CHORUS.

strang-er. Bear Christ, — our Crown, our song, our al - tar, To

far blue Isles sweet sounds of the psal-ter, Our Christ, our cross, our

song, our Al-tar!

# Iona Boat Song.

(Bringing the body of a King for burial)

Triall - Mara na h-I.

Words, Gaelic and English,  
by Kenneth Macleod, with ancient refrain.

Air noted (from Annie Johnson, Barra)  
and arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

or With a steady rhythm. about ♩ = 92

KEY G<sup>b</sup>  
OR G

pronounced: Eem - ar o, eel - yun va-ra eem - ar o,  
meaning: (Row ye o, lads of the sea)  
Iom - air o, 'ill - ean mhara, Iom-air o,

*espress.*

*col Led.*

eel - yun var - a Eel - yun o, ho - ro \*ai - ly, { Isle o' deeps, where  
'Ill - ean mha - ra, 'Ill - ean o ho - ro ei - le, { I mo ghaoil, gur

{ Sails to thee a  
{ Righ 'na shuain a'  
{ With thy saints, we  
{ Thall ad uir gur

*Led.*

*D.S.*

dreams are ho - ly. Eem - ar o, eel - yun va - ra.  
naomh do bhruadar. Iom - air o, 'ill - ean mhara.

King who sleep-eth  
triall gud' cha - la.  
leave him sleeping  
ciuin a shuain da.

*last time  
only*

*p*

\* *Led.*

*D.S.*

\* rhyming with daily.

Paterson's Publications Ltd. 152 Buchanan St. Glasgow.



# To Iona.

A processional by Kenneth Macleod set to  
an ancient Skye Air noted by Frances Tolmie.

Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Not too slow, but can be taken slower when a great number take part in it.*

♩ = about 100.  
With a stately swing forward.

*Maestoso*

For their sake who  
For their sake who  
For their sake who

lived and died in thee, Sang their faith and  
hear them - selves in thee Sing of yore thine  
still shall find in thee Ev - er - more life's

taught their joy to me, For their sake I bow the knee,  
an - cient me - lo - die, For their sake I bow the knee, } I -  
ho - ly art - is - try, For their sake I bow the knee,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, creating a stately swing. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'For their sake who'. The piano part features a 'Maestoso' section with a series of chords. The lyrics continue with 'lived and died in thee, Sang their faith and hear them - selves in thee Sing of yore thine still shall find in thee Ev - er - more life's'. The piano part continues with a series of chords. The lyrics then change to 'taught their joy to me, For their sake I bow the knee, an - cient me - lo - die, For their sake I bow the knee, } I - ho - ly art - is - try, For their sake I bow the knee,'. The piano part continues with a series of chords.



o - na the blest, \* "I mo chridh thu,"  
*pronounced: ee* moch - ree oo

*p*

Isle of my heart, my Grail, Isle of my

heart my Grail.

*Sustain ad lib.*

\* A reported saying of Columba meaning "Isle of my heart thou."

# Skye Milking Song.

Sil a Bho.

Old words arr. by KENNETH MACLEOD  
and M. KENNEDY-FRASER  
to a tune heard at Skeabost, Skye.

♩ = about 72.

\* Sheel -  
Sil a

vo, sheel - am - ban - ya, Gie your milk or sweet cream, Sheel -  
bho, sil am bain - ne, Sil am bain - ne gun éis, Sil a

vo, sheel - am - ban - ya, By your leave, be it cream! Sheel -  
bho, sil am bain - ne, Mur a fearr - a leat cé. Sil a

\* Means "give (or pour) O cow, give thy milk."

vo, sheel am ban - ya, Sweet cream, sure, may it be, Good  
 bho, sil am bain - ne, Sil am bain - ne 's a chuaich, Sil gu

cream for the drink - in' O' the lads at the sea. Sheel -  
 h - uas - al am bain - ne Do'n mhair - ich air cuan. Sil a

vo, sheel am ban - ya, From mach - air, from moor, Sweet  
 bho, sil am bain - ne, O'n mhach - air's o'n fhraoch, Sil

cream for the drink - in' O' the bairns by the shore.  
 sùgh - aich a' mhin - ich Do'n dill - eachd - an mhaoth.



# The Seal-Hunters o' Scavaig.

Chaidh na Fir a Scathabhaig.

Heard by Frances Tolmie in Minginishin 1852.

and by M. K. F. at Skeabost in 1922.

Arr. by M KENNEDY - FRASER.

*or* Allegro.  $\text{♩}$  = about 100.

*VERSE.* *\* gane*

1. Gone the men to Sea - vaig.  
 2. My good-man is wi' them *\* gane*.  
 1. Chaidh na fir a Scath-a - bhaig.  
 2. Chaidh fear mo thighe - s'ann,

*or*  $\text{§}$   
*with spirit*

*SOLO REFRAIN.* *VERSE.*

Fal eel yeel O, ho ro { Cold and raw the day is,  
 Lad of the slen - der eye - brows,  
 Faill ill ill O, ho ro { Tha'n la'n diugh fuar ac.  
 Caol mhala gun ghrua - man }

*CHOR* *ten.* *VERSE.* *D.C. §*

O hee hó - ron yò hó, Hee ree ree ho ro hook O, O'er by Sca - vaig  
 O hi ho rionn o ho, Hi - ri ri o ro hug O, Brows ne'er frown - ing.  
 Fal ill o ho ro.

*ten.* *D.C. §*

1. The bay of entrance to the famous Loch Coruig in Skye.

or: # wee brown

3. Hun - ter he o' the blub - cheeked seal,  
 4. Hun - ter he o' the \*wat - er hen,  
 3. Seal - gair an roin teill - ich thu,  
 4. Is na circ - eig - e duinn - e thu,

**SOLO REFRAIN.** **VERSE.**

Fal eel yeel o ho ro { Hun - ter he o' the red hind. }  
 Nest - ing 'mong the rush - es. }  
 Fa ill ill o ho ro { Is na h-eil - i - de ruaidh - e. }  
 Ni a nead's an luach - air. }

**CHOR.** **ten.**

O hee ho ron yo ho, Hee ree ree ho ro hook O  
 O hi ho rionn io ho, Hi ri ri ho ro hug O

**VERSE.** **D. §.** **LAST TIME.**

Brave seal - hunter he.  
 'Mong green rush - es.  
 Faill ill o ho ro.

**Fine.**



# Loom Blessing.

Beannachadh Garmain.

From "Carmina Gadelica" to an air from  
Mrs. Macleod, Skeabost, Skye  
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = about 60. With gentle forward movement—not dragging.

Key G♭ or G.

Frae ilk brownie and ilk ban-shee, Ho hoo - ra - vee o - ho,  
Bho gach gruagach a - gus ban-shith, Ho hu - ra - bhi o - ho,

Frae ilk e - vil wish and sor - row, Ho hoo - ra - vee o - ho,  
Bho gach mi - run a - gus dubh-bhron, Ho hu - ra - bhi o - ho,

Help me, O thou Help - ing One! Ho hoo - ra - vee o - ho.  
Cuid - ich mi, a Chuid - ich - Thi! Ho hu - ra - bhi o - ho.

*Fine.*

*Fine.*

In the Outer Isles, women do the weaving. In Uist when the woman stops weaving on Saturday night, she carefully ties up her loom and hangs the cross or crucifix above the sleay. This is to keep away the brownie, the banshee and all evil spirits.

Alexander Carmichael,  
From *Carmina Gadelica* Vol. I. p. 308.



## The White Bird.

The tale has it that there was once a bird, in the long ago, who had the tenderness of the swan and the kingliness of the eagle, and that when he returns, if return he should, Beltane and <sup>(1)</sup>Savin (Samhainn) will be treading on each other's heels, so short and so glad will be the year.

---

There was once a widow in the Isles, so poor, that her neighbours gave her for name the Woman of Distress. In the springtide she got her living out of the shore, and in the neap-tide she would make for the hills to search for such roots as could be eaten. "But praise to the Good Being," said she, "if to-day and to-morrow I do not get the fill of my mouth, I shall, at any rate, in hill or on shore, get the fill of my eye and of my ear, and that without stint."

On a day of the days, she also got, on the shore, the fill of her heart.

She was gathering whelks in a creek, and what heard she, on the edge of the waves, but the plaint of a seal-pup, and thereafter a laugh, like the laugh of a little child. She leaped down towards the laugh. "Are we not the well-met ones" cried she, "the widow and the orphan!" She carried the child home with her, and that part of him which grew not on the dulse and on the watercress, grew exceeding well on the lilt and the heroic tale. And in his seventh year he saw, in a blood-red creek, the White Bird.

It may not be told, save in a whisper, but when the waxing would be on the moon and the flowing on the tide, the White Bird would become like unto one of the Seed of Adam, but of keener eye. And that same night the losing side would see a man on a white horse putting the strong to rout; and the wounded would see by their bed-side, a woman clad in white, with healing in her touch.

But, hunger of me! It was the head-voice of the White Bird in the wane of the moon, and its heart-voice in the ebb of the tide, that would be putting exceeding great wonder on the people.

*KENNETH MACLEOD.*

(1) Beltane (1st. May) and Samhainn (31st. October) were the two great pagan festivals.

# (1) Binne - Bheul.

Mouth of Music.

Air from Mrs. M<sup>c</sup> KINNON N. Bay Barra,  
to words from KENNETH MACLEOD,  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY - FRASER.

Suavely moving. ♩ = 88

*Pulsating but not agitated.*

Float - ing far through the  
Chual - as duan gu

Lead. \* Lead. \* Lead. \* Lead. \* Lead.

sky, Her sing - ing made mu - sic's laughter o'er far blue sea - deeps,  
h - ard 'san iar - mailt, Nuall - an binn 'san lear gu h - iosal,

*colla voce.*

Where men fish on their an - cient sea - banks, And where night falls on the  
Ann am bogh - a nan ian 's nan ias - gair, 'S aig bial an anmùich air.

(1) Pronounced, Been-ya-veil.

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Vol. 4

of the ... ..  
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And the  
book all.

11-11-11

---

sheen - white eel - strand. Ho <sup>(1)</sup> hao ro vee ee - o,  
 tràigh nan sìol - ag. Ho hao ro vee ee - o,

*colla voce.*

Red. \* Red. \* Red.

Float - ed her song to far blue sea - deeps. O hao ro  
 Nuall - an binn 's an lear gu h-ios - al, O hao ro

vee \_\_\_\_\_ By grim sker-ries, <sup>(2)</sup> A reel! Her sing - ing a -  
 vee \_\_\_\_\_ Anns na sgeirean, A ri, ceol tiamh - aidh,

- woke the seal by the haunts o sea - birds, Where men fish by their  
 Anns na sgorran, a ri, ceol sìoch - ail, Ann am bogh - a nan

Red. \* Red. \*

(1) Pronounced like English "her." (2) Gaelic A Rìgh = O King.  
 Binne Bheul.

an - cient sea - banks, And where night falls on the sheen - white eel - strand.  
 ian 's nan ias - gair, 'S aig bial an anmuich air traigh nan sìol - ag.

*colla voce*

*Ad. \* Ad.*

O hao ro vee ee - o, Float - ed her song to far blue sea - deeps,  
 O hao ro vee ee - o, Nuall - an binn's an lear gu h - ios - al.

*a tempo*

*Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad.*

Ho hao ro vee.  
 Ho hao ro vee.

*\**



# Tangle at Ebb-Tide.

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD  
to an air from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg  
arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Ben cantando.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is marked 'Ben cantando' and includes lyrics with hyphens indicating syllables across measures. Performance markings include 'Ped.' (pedal), 'Seared, yon', 'with Ped.', and 'passionately'.

Seared, yon

tan - gle waits, till flow - ing tides, a - foam, Its youth shall thrill to wak - ing.

Here, pant I, blood - driv - en, For isle waves a - break - ing, Here, pant I,

passionately

blood - driv - en, For isle waves a - break - - ing.

# The Ninth Wave.

Air an Traigh Ghil.

Words from Kenneth Macleod.  
Air from North Bay, Barra.  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = about 88 Andante.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Andante' with a tempo of approximately 88 beats per minute. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked 'cantabile steadily'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The introduction concludes with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'Where the ninth ray of heal - ing, Hook hor-yon - o, Hook hor-yon - o, Fàilt, a ghrian, fàth mo shlain - te, Hug ho rionn o Hug ho rionn o'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a 'Ped.' marking at the end.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Falls on the sheen-white strand at noon-tide, There shall I vow me, Hook hor-yon - o, Naoi ga-tha grein - e shios air tràigh ghil, Shios air an traigh ghil, Hug ho rionn o,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, with a 'Ped.' marking at the end.



*Red.*

Where the ninth wave of heal - ing, Hook hor-yon - o Hook hor-yon - o,  
*Fàilt, a chuain, fàth mo shlain-te, Hug horionn o, Hug ho rionn o,*

\*

Breaks on the sheen - white strand at moon - tide, There shall I vow me  
*Naoi ton - na gàir - each. shios air traigh ghil, Shios air an traigh ghil*

*Red.*

\*

Hook hor-yon - o.  
 Hug ho rionn o.

\* *Red.*

\* *Red.*

\*

*Red.*



# Shoreless Seas.

Long air Snamh.

Words from an ancient sailing Rune  
recovered and collated by Kenneth Macleod.

Air from Mrs. M<sup>c</sup> Kinnon, North Bay, Barra:  
Arr. voice and piano by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Lightly floating, without agitation.

or

May be sung by a low woman's voice an octave lower.

Hoo - eel - yo - ro, — sails she out-ward Ho  
Hu il io ro, — *fliuch* an oidhe! Ho

ree ree vo, — Ho ree ree vo, — By grim head - lands.  
ri ri bho, — Ho ri ri bho, — Nochd gur fuar i!

Hee - ree - vo, — Ho ron \*yai - ly — Ho ro hook o - ① lyó - ro.  
Hi ri bho — Ho riann ei - le — Ho ro hug o leó ro.

\* To rhyme with daily.

Hoo - eel - yo - ro, A  
Hu il io ro, Ma

*pp*

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*

breeze as wished for, Ho ree ree vo,— Ho ree ree vo,—  
thug Cloinn Neill Ho ri ri bho,— Ho ri ri bho,—

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*

Strong and stead - fast, Hee ree vo,— Ho ron - yai - ly—  
Druim a' chuain orr', Hi ri bho— Ho rionn ei - le—

Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \* Led. \*

Ho ro hook - o - lyó - ro  
Ho ro hug - o - leó - ro

*pp*

Led. \*



Hool yo - ro To shore - less seas Puts she her prow, Hee  
Hu leo' ro— Luchd nan rois - eal's nan long luath a

ree ree vo,— To shore - less seas, Hee ree ree vo,—  
Hi ri bho,— Hi ri ri bho, Hi ri ri bho,—

Tea \* Tea \*

Seas be - yond our an - cient fish - banks Ho ron— yäi - ly—  
Gur e lan a sroin e fhuair i, Ho rionn ei - le—

Tea \*

Ho ro hook - o - lyó - ro.  
Ho ro hug o leó ro.

Tea Tea \*



Light float-eth she t'ward far ho-ri-zons, Like a swan in play with spindrift, Hee  
 Le brat-aichean bu-idh is uai-ne, Rachar a steach do cheo - banstuidhean, Hi

*pp*

ree ree vo, Hee ree ree vo, Like a swan in  
 ri ri bho, Hi ri ri bho, Long a' snamh air

glow of sun-set Ho ron yai-ly Ho ro hook-o-lyó-ro.  
 sia-banchuan-tan, Ho rionn ei-le Ho ro hug o leó ro.

*Led.* \* *Led.*

*pp*

# \*The Embarrassed Maiden.

Tha Fear am Muigh.

Air and gaelic words from  
ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra.

Lowland Scots translation and accompaniment by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

about ♩ = 144.

*pp* *p* *leggiero* *f*

*With breathless haste and strong accentuation*

Dark night is com-in' on, I  
Tha i tar - ruing a - na - moch, 'Scha'n

*pp leggierissimo* *sfz* *pp*

can-na wait, I can-na gang, Dark night is com-in' on, I  
fhuirich mi, 'Scha'n fhalbh mi, Tha i tar - ruing a - na - moch, 'Scha'n

*sfz* *pp*

can-na gang, I can-na wait, A lad there stands at yon wa' end, He  
fhalbh mi 'Scha'n fhuirich mi. Tha fear am muigh, Tha fear am muigh, Tha

*sfz* *pp* *lightly always*

\*Published separately Price 2/-.

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win-na gang, I can-na wait, The while he stands at yon wa' end I  
fear am muigh a' fuireach rium, Tha fear am muigh aig ceann an tìghe Is

can-na gang, I can-na wait, Dark night is com-in' on, I  
lathar e ma dh'fhuir'eas mi. Tha i tar-ruing a-na-moch 'Scha'n

*f* *pp* *leggierissimo*

can-na gang, I win-na wait, Dark night is com-in' on, I  
fhuirich mi 'Scha'n fhalbh mi, Tha i tar-ruing a-na-moch 'Scha'n

*f* *pp* *leggierissimo*

can-na gang, I win-na wait, Were I but aince a-yont the\* moor, He  
fhalbh mi 'Scha'n fhuirich mi, Tha fear am muigh, a-once a-cross am muigh, Tha

*pp*



win-na gang, I can-na wait, An' safe a-hint } my mi-ther's } door, I  
 fear am muigh a' fuireach rium, Tha fear am muigh aig ceann an tighe Is

*pp*

can-na gang, I can-na wait, Dark night is com-in' on, I  
 lathar e \*ma dh'fhuir'eas mi Tha i tur - ruing a - na - moch, 'Scha'n

*ff* *pp leggierissimo*

can-na gang, I can-na wait, Dark night is com-in' on, I  
 fhuirich mi, 'Scha'n fhalbh mi, Tha i tar - ruing a - na - moch 'Scha'n

*f* *pp*

can-na gang, I can-na wait, The lad that stands at yon wa' end, He  
 fhalbh mi, 'Scha'n fhuirich mi Tha fear am muigh, tha fear am muigh, Tha

*pp* *very lightly*

\* is Barra for "ma dh'fhuiricheas mi" = if I stay.

win-na gang, I can-na wait, He'd fain con-voy me ower the moor, He  
 fear am muigh a' fuireach rium, Tha h-aon 'sa dha 'S tha coig 's tha sia, 'S tha

win-na gang, I can-na wait. Dark night is com-in' on, He  
 fear as briagh ag ullach - adh Cha bhi sinn gun ann - lann, gun

*f* *pp*

can-na gang, I win-na wait; Dark night is com-in' on, He  
 im— anns a' gheamh - radh Cha bhi sinn gun ann - lann 'San

*f* *pp*

win-na gang, I can-na wait. He win-na gang, He win-na gang, He  
 t-samh - radh bidhgruth a - gainn. Tha fear am muigh, tha fear am muigh, Tha

*p*



win-na gang, I can-na wait, The while he stands at yon wa' end, I  
 fear am muigh a' fuireach rium, Tha fear am muigh aig ceann an tighe Is

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

win-na gang, I can-na wait. Dark night is com-in' on!  
 lathar e ma dh'fhuirbas mi, Tha i tar - ruing a - na - moch!

The second system continues the melody. It includes dynamic markings: *ff* (fortissimo) and *pp* (pianissimo). The piano accompaniment changes to a more complex, syncopated pattern in the right hand, while the left hand remains relatively simple. A crescendo hairpin is visible above the vocal line.

The third system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is mostly rests, indicating the end of the vocal part for this system. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* (pianissimo) marking and a long, sustained note in the right hand, with a melodic line in the left hand.



# The Crone's Creel.

In the rocky, roadless isles, burdens of all kinds were borne in creels on the backs of the islesfolk or in panniers on the flanks of the little ponies. Peats for fuel, sea-weed for manure, and even bairns at times were thus carried.

Mouth-music from Eriskay.  
Words by M. KENNEDY-FRASER  
and KENNETH MACLEOD.  
Arr. by M. K. F.

Quietly, as with the monotonous whirr of the spinning wheel in subdued light of

Aye, my lad, I've borne my creel,

*una corda* *p* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *simile.*

a peat-fire.

La - den wi' sea - tan - gle, Weel I mind the load was whiles

Peats and bairns and tan - gle. Aye, when young, I bore the creel,

\* Release the pedal always during the semiquaver triplets

La-den aft wi' tan - gle, But I mind the load was whiles Peats and bairns and tan - gle.

\* Cleav trowm, mochleav trowm, La-den wi' sea-tan - gle, Weel I mind the load was whiles

Peats and bairns and tan - gle. —

Now, I sit and turn my wheel By the peat - fire in - - gle,

\* *Cliahh trom* = heavy creel.

Mind - in' on yon la - den creel, Peats and bairns and tan - gle.

Clee - av trowm, mo - chlee - av trowm, By the peat - fire in - gle,

Blythe I mind on yon auld creel, Peats and bairns and tan - gle.—— *ten.*

*pp*



# The Herd Laddie.

'Ille Runaich.

Mouth Music, arr. by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

Eel - ya roon - ich  
'Ill - e run - aich

Red.

marcato

“ounce” ag - lown, Coom “howl” na cur - rich ool - a,  
anns a' ghleann, Cum thall na caor - aich uil - e,

leggiero

Eel - ya roon - ich “ounce” ag - lown, Coom “howl” na cur - rich.  
'Ill - e run - aich anns a' ghleann, Cum thall na caor - aich.

marcato

Red.

Means:- “Dear lad in the glen, keep the sheep over there. Keep them there, do not bring them here. I shall come over, like the sheep.”

Pronunciation:- Syllables in inverted commas exactly like English words so spelt.

Nowl to rhyme with “howl”, lown with “town”.

Coom "howl", na tor-ra "now"-l, Coom "howl", na tor-ra "now" l,  
 Cum thall, na toir a nall, Cum thall, na toir a nall,

Coom "howl", na tor-ra "now"-l, Coom "howl" na cur-rich.  
 Cum thall, na toir a nall, Cum thall na caor-aich.

Eel-ya roon-ich "ounce" ag-lown, Coom "howl" na cur-rich ool-a,  
 Ill-e run-aich anns a' ghleann, Cum thall na caor-aich uil-e,

*leggiere*

Fed. \*

Eel - ya roon - ich, bee mee howl Mar reesh na cur - rich.  
*'Ill - e run - aich, bi mi thall Mar ris na caor - aich.*

*Ped.* \*

Coom howl, na tor - ra nowl, Coom howl, na tor - ra nowl,  
*Cum thall, na toir a nall, Cum thall, na toir a nall,*

>

Coom howl, na tor - ra nowl, Coom howl na cur - rich.  
*Cum thall, na toir a nall, Cum thall na caor - aich.*

>



# Ailean Duinn.

Noted and phonographed from  
the Singing of Mrs MCKINNON.

(Moon o' Guidance.)

NORTH BAY, BARRA.

and Arranged by  
M. KENNEDY FRASER.

*Passionately sustained.*

(1) A - lan dooeen, Thou  
Ai - lean duinn, a

moon of guid - ance! A - lan dooeen (2) hew - lin - let,  
ni 's a naire! Ai - lean duinn, shiubh - linn leat,

A - lan dooeen, O hee hew - lin - let.  
Ai - lean duinn, O hi shiubh - linn leat.

(1) Alan of the brown hair.  
(2) Pronounced "hew," "linn," "let," meaning "wandering with thee?"

Free thou me from ev - il thought, From ev - il guid - ance! ee a \* he(r) *omit the r.*  
 Hi - ri - ri ri a bho ho-rionn o i a hao,

*hurry a little*

*Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \**

A - lan dooeen, O hee hew - lin - let, O hee  
 Ai - lean duinn O hi shiubhlainn leat O hi

*broaden*  
*Pa tempo*

*Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \**

hew - lin - let. Hee ree ree ree a vo ho - rin yo  
 shiubhlainn leat Hi - ri - ri ri a bho ho-rionn o

*stringendo*

*Ad. \**

\* Vowel like English her without sounding the r.

*broaden**a tempo*

ee — a he(r) *omit the r.* A-lan doo-eeen O hee — hew-lin - let  
 i - a - hao — Ai-lean duinn O - hi — shiubhlainn leat

*cresc.* *p*

Ped.

O hee — hew-lin - let. —  
 O hi — shiubhlainn leat. —

*p e dolce*

\* Ped.

\* Ped.

\*

Ped.

A - lan, doo-eeen Thou mouth of mu - sic, A - lan doo-eeen  
 Ai-lean duinn, a luaidh do mha - thar, Ai-lean duinn

*p dolce*

\*

Ped.



hew - lin-let A-lan dooeen, O hee — hew - lin - let.  
 shiubh - lainn leat, Ai-lean duinn, O hi — shiubhlainn leat.

*p e dolce*

\* *Red.* \* *Red.*

Free thou me from ev - il thought, From ev - il guid - ance! ee — a he(r) *omit the r.*  
 Hi - ri-ri — ri a bho — ho - rionn o — i — a hao, —

*stringendo*

*hurry a little*

\* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

A-lan dooeen O — hee — hew-lin-let, O — hee — hew-lin-let.  
 Ailean duinn O — hi — shiubhlainn leat O — hi — shiubhlainn leat

*broaden*

*sfz broaden* *p a tempo*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

Hee ree ree \_\_\_\_\_ ree a vo \_\_\_\_\_ ho - rin yo \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hi - ri - ri \_\_\_\_\_ ri a bho \_\_\_\_\_ ho - rionn o \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.*

\* Led.

\* Led.

\* Led.

\* Led.

ee a he(r) *omit the r.* A-lan dooen O hee hew-lin - let  
 i a hao Ai-lean duinn O hi shiubhlainn leat,  
*stringendo. broaden. a tempo.*

\*

Led.

\* Led.

\* Led.

\* Led.

\* Led.

O hee hew-lin - let.  
 O hi shiubhlainn leat.

*p*

\* Led.

\* Led. \* Led.

\*



# The Silent Crane.

An Corra Ghlas.

English words by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air from Mrs. McKimmon N. Bay, Barra.

Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante espressivo.

Key G $\flat$  or G.

Where blood - red tan-gle is heav-ing,  
Where blood - red tan-gle is heav-ing,  
O ho bha ho ro ho,

Where the si - lent crane on sea - rock Watch - es fate and  
Where the si - lent crane on sea - rock Watch - es fate and  
Bith an cor-ra-ghlas air creig mha - ra, Ho ro hi ri



fate weav - ing Love full strong as sea - - rock,  
 fate weav - ing Love full strong as sea - - rock,  
 linn io, Ho ro hi ri linn io,

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*ten.* *ten.* *a tempo* *D.C.*

Sore and sad my part - ing from thee, <sup>1</sup> Roon - mochree, by sea - rock.  
 Sore and sweet my wait - ing for thee, Roon - mochree, by sea - rock.  
 Bìth an cor-ra-ghlas air creig mha-ra, Ho ro ho ro bhi linn io.

*passionately cresc.* *p e semplice* *D.C.*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*mf* *p* *Fine.*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

<sup>1</sup> Run mo chridh = Beloved of my heart.  
 The Silent Crane.

# "Sea-bird flying hither tell me."

Fhaoileag Tìre-fo-Thuinn.

From Marion Macleod, Eigg.

Translation and arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. ♩ = about 88 *With a hypnotic monotonous onward swing.*

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a piano introduction with a hypnotic, monotonous swing. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is Moderato, with a note equal to about 88 beats per minute. The dynamics range from piano (p) to mezzo-forte (mf). The score includes a repeat sign and a first ending marked with an 'x'.

Refrain. *passionately sustained*

The first system of the refrain is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the right hand and a sustained accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is Moderato, with a note equal to about 88 beats per minute. The dynamics range from piano (p) to mezzo-forte (mf). The score includes a repeat sign and a first ending marked with an 'x'.

Heez na hee ree ree ① "yew"  
 Hi's na hi ri ri iu

The second system of the refrain is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the right hand and a sustained accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is Moderato, with a note equal to about 88 beats per minute. The dynamics range from piano (p) to mezzo-forte (mf). The score includes a repeat sign and a first ending marked with an 'x'.

Heez na hee ree ree ① "yew"  
 Hi's na hi ri ri iu

\* these grace notes on the beat.

\* Gaelic words the same as those of the "Sea-gull of the Land-under-Waves," but to an entirely different melody, with entirely different refrain.

①② These syllables to be pronounced like English words hook and yew.

Paterson's Publications Ltd. 125 Buchanan St. Glasgow.



(The woman questions.)

Sea - bird fly - ing hith - er, - tell me, Heez na <sup>②</sup> "hook" o - rin - yo  
*Fhaoi-leag bhig is Fhaoi-leag mha-ra, Hi's na hug o rionn io*

Heez na hee ree ree "yew"  
*Hi's na hi ri ri iu*

\* *Ad.*

Saw ye ought o' our fair isles-men? Heez na hook  
*C'ait an dh'fag thu na fir ghea-la? Hi's na hug*

*pp mp*

\* *Ad.*

o - rin - yo Heez na hee ree ree "yew"  
*o rionn io Hi's na hi ri ri iu*

\* *ff*

"Sea-bird flying hither tell me!"



(The bird replies.)

Wing -- ing homeward by yon sea - is - land, Heez na hook\_  
*Dh'fhag mi i - ad 'san ei - lean mha - ra, Hi's na hug\_*

*leggiero*

*Red.*

o - rin - yo Heez na hee\_ ree\_ ree\_ "yew."  
*o rionn io Hi's na hi\_ ri\_ ri iu.*

Side by side\_ I  
*Cul ri cul\_ a'*

*sonorously*

*Red.*

saw them ly - ing, Heez na hook o - rin - yo Heez na hee  
*si - leadh fa - la, Hi's na hug o rionn io Hi's na hi*

*Red.*

① take these grace notes before the beat.

"Sea-bird flying hither tell me."

ree ree yew \_\_\_\_\_ Croon o' waves their  
 ri ri iu \_\_\_\_\_ 'San ceol-fidh-le

*leggiero*

*Ped.*

dirge, their harp-ing. Heez na hook o-rin-yo  
 gair na ma-ra. Hi's na hug-o rionn io

*Ped.* \*

Heez na hee-ree yew.  
 Hi's na hi-ri-ri iu.

*sonorously* *leggiero*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



# The Seal-Maiden.

Gruagach-Mhara.

Two Airs, the first from Barra,  
the second from Frances Tolmie, Skye.  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY - FRASER.

With hypnotically smooth swing.  $\text{♩} = \text{about } 52$

1st Air.

R.H. *softly sustained*

L.H. *softly sustained*

Ear-ly one morn - ing,  
'S mis - e chun - naic

*sempre p*

*Both Peds.*

Ho eel yo, Stray sheep a seek - ing, Ho eel yo, Great wonder  
Ho il io, 'N diugh an t - iognadh, Ho il io, 'S mhad - uinn

*tre corde*

saw I Ho eel yo Fair seal - maid - en, Ho eel yo,  
mhoich i Ho il io. 'G iarraich chaor - ach Ho il io.

Glossy her dark hair, Ho eel yo Veil-ing her fair form, Ho eel yo.  
Chunna-cas Grua-gach, Ho il io Chu-ail-ea chraobhaich, Ho il io.



(2nd Air) more virile than the 1st. N.B. In 2nd Air slightly accent 2nd crotchet in the bar.

Heel yo heel yo rova ho, Lone on sea - rock sat the maid - en,  
 Hill io hill io robha ho, 'Si 'na suidh air sgeir 'na h - aonar,

Heel yo heel yo rova ho. Grey her long robe closely cling - ing.  
 Hill io hill io robha ho. Trusgan glas oirr' Air son aod - aich.

Heel yo heel yo ro-vha ho. When, great wond - er! Ho eel  
 Hill io hill io ro-va ho. Cha b'fhad a bha Ho il

*sempre p*

yo, Sudden - ly changed she, Ho eel yo Heel yo heel  
 io, Sud a' caoch - ladh, Ho il io Hill io hill

yo rova ho. Raised her head she, stretched she out - ward, Heel yo heel  
 io robha - ho. Thog i ceann's gun d'rinn i straoineadh, Hill io hill

*cantabile*

yo ro-va ho. Div - ing sea - ward, Ho eel yo,  
 io robha ho. 'S chaidh i'n riochd na, Ho il io,

Smooth seal - headed she, Ho eel yo, Out by the teal - tracks  
 Beis - de maoi - le, Ho il io 'S goltadh - i'n cu - an,

Ho eel yo, Cleav - ing the sea - waves, Ho eel yo.  
 Ho il io Aig gach taobh dhi, Ho il io.

Heel yo heel yo ro - va ho, Through Kyle\* Moo - la, Through Kyle Isl - a  
 Hill io hill io ro - bha ho, Troimh Chaol Mhùil - le, Troimh Chaol Il - e

*> exultantly*

Heel yo heel yo ro - va ho To the far blue  
 Hill io hill io ro - bha ho Gu tir fhar - suinn

bounteous o - cean!  
 nam fear fial - aidh!

*p*

\* The Gaelic pronunciation of Muile = Mull  
 (anglice)



# The Uncanny Manniken of the Cattle Fold.

Ho leiba chall o.

Noted by Frances Tolmie from  
Mary Ross, Kilmoluag Skye.  
Translated and arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a hypnotic monotonous swinging rhythm. about  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

The first system of the musical score is in 2/2 time. The vocal line consists of a single note, a half note, followed by a quarter rest, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment is in 2/2 time and features a series of chords, each held for a full measure. The tempo is marked 'p misterioso'.

Ho leep - a  
Ho leib - a

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the words 'how', 'low', 'chall', and 'o'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords. The tempo is marked 'p misterioso'.

“how” “low”  
chall o

Late at night, a lone in the sheil - ing,  
Scared, I looked straight ov - er my should - er,  
Scared, I watched him comb - ing his long hair,  
Oidh - che bha mi'g fhair - e buail - e,  
Suil dha'n tug mi thar mo ghual - ainn,  
Cir - eadh's a' crathadh a ghruaig - e



# To the Isle of Skye.

Eilean a' Cheo'

Melodie and English words by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

To an air from Lexie Macrae, Harris,  
arr. by M. KENNEDY - FRASER.

Harping.  $\text{♩} = 48$ . *Passionately.*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a series of chords, while the bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked as 48 beats per minute, and the mood is 'Passionately'. The instruction 'Con Ped.' is written below the bass staff.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with lyrics in both Gaelic and English. The Gaelic lyrics are 'Dear to me Dun - tultm, Dear to me Dun - ve - gan, Caomh leam fhin Dun - tuilm, Caomh leam fhin Dun - bhea - gan,'. The English lyrics are 'Dear to me Dun - tultm, Dear to me Dun - ve - gan, Caomh leam fhin Dun - tuilm, Caomh leam fhin Dun - bhea - gan,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords. The instruction 'with passionate feeling' is written below the piano staff.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The Gaelic lyrics are 'far a - way, Far a - way from harp and croon, I'm fa - da thall, Fa - da nall o chruit 's o phiob, Mi 'g'. The English lyrics are 'far a - way, Far a - way from harp and croon, I'm fa - da thall, Fa - da nall o chruit 's o phiob, Mi 'g'.

The third system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The Gaelic lyrics are 'yearn - ing Isle of Skye, (1) moch - ree - a, far a - way, iar - gainn Eil - ean chiar mo chridhe, fa - da thall.' The English lyrics are 'yearn - ing Isle of Skye, (1) moch - ree - a, far a - way, iar - gainn Eil - ean chiar mo chridhe, fa - da thall.'

(1) Of my heart.



Dear to me thy bens, Dear to me the Coolins, far a - way,  
 Caomh leam fhin gach beinn, Caomh leam fhin an Cuilinnn fa - da thall

Far a - way from peak and moor, I'm yearn-ing, Isle o' Skye, moch-ree-a,  
 Fa - da nall o bheinn 's o fhraoch Mi 'g iargainn Eil - ean chlar mo chridhe,

far a - way, Far a - way from love and youth I'm yearn-ing Isle  
 fa - da thall, Fa - da nall o chian 's o ghaol Mi 'g iargainn Eil - ean

Skye, moch - ree - a, Far a - way.  
 chlar mo chridhe, fa - da thall.

*dim.* *pp*

# A Moorland Lilt.

An La a' Glasadh.

Air from Alex. Campbell,  
Caroy, Harlosh, at Skeabost, Skye,  
arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

English by KENNETH MACLEOD  
and M. KENNEDY-FRASER.  
Gaelic distilled from two old songs  
by KENNETH MACLEOD.

With happy movement.

*Waltz Tempo.*

Soft white  
Moch 's a

tufts of 'can - na blow - ing, Fleck the moor at dawn of  
mhad - ainn rinn mi gluas - ad Ris an fhuar - bheinn, Hao ri

day, Heel <sup>2</sup>"yew" heel yo, Hook or - on - yo, Heel yew heel  
bho, An la a glas - adh, or - on - io, 'S an uis - eag a'

yo, At dawn of day.  
gairm, Hug - or - rionn o.

<sup>1</sup> Canna or Cannach = the Gaelic name for the bog cotton plant

<sup>2</sup> Pronounce like English word "yew."



Sweet bog myr - tle, dew - lit peat - moss, Greet - ings  
 Mach ri tob - ar ard - an fhuar - ain, Sheinn mi'n

waft duan at so, dawn Hao of ri day. Heel "yew" heel yo, Hook  
 duan so, Hao ri bho, An la a' glas adh,

or Hao - on - yo, Heel "yew" heel yo, At dawn of  
 Hao ri bho, 'S an uis - eag a' gairm, Hug o - rionn

*sustain ad lib.*

day.  
 o.

*p*



# Eye of Springtide.

Suil an Earraich.

Air from Marion Macleod, Eigg.  
Words from KENNETH MACLEOD.  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With gentle ecstasy. ♩ = about 88 *steadily.*

Eye of Spring-tide! My own Al-lan,  
Suil an ear-raich! Ho ro Ai-lean,

Sound of running wa-ters near us, Eye of Spring-tide, My own Al-lan.  
Fuaim nan allt a' gabh-aill seach-ad, Suil an ear-raich, Ho ro Ai-lean.

Green yon hol-low heath branch-ing ha-zel, Mist o' bens, low drift-ing oer us,  
La-gan uain' an cluain a' bhar-raich, Sia-banbheanna' sior-dol thar-ainn,

*L. H. suavely* *gently* *Col Ped.*

Eye of Spring-tide, My own Al-lan, Sound of running wa-ters near us,  
*Suil an ear-raich, Ho ro Ai-lean, Fuaim nan allt a' gabh-aíl seach-ad,*

The first system of the musical score for 'Eye of Springtide'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line begins with a fermata on the first note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

Eye of Spring-tide, My own Al-lan.  
*Suil an ear-raich, Ho ro Ai-lean.*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a fermata on the final note. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the right hand.

Far a-way the stag in low-ing, Drift o' bens still mov-ing oer us,  
*Fa-da thall am fiadh'san lan-gan, Sia-ban bheann a' sior-dol thar-ainn,*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a fermata on the final note. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the right hand.

Far a-way the stag in low-ing. Ne'er white can-dles we'll be<sup>①</sup>smoor-ing  
*Fa - da thall am fiadh's an lan-gan. Cha teid smàl air coinn-lean-gea-la,*

Till that sod shall smoor thine eye, love, Eye of Spring-tide, My own Al-lan,  
*Gus an teid ùir air suil mo lean-nain, Suil an ear-raich, Ho ro Ai-lean,*

Sound of run-ning wa-ters near us, Eye of Spring-tide.  
*Fuaim nan allt a' gabh-ail seach-ad, Suil an ear-raich.*

① extinguishing  
 Eye of Springtide.



# Late lies the wintry sun abed.

Words by  
R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

Tune from Mrs M.<sup>c</sup> Kinnon N. Bay, Barra.  
Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Allegretto con moto.* ♩ = about 72.

*Liltingly.*

*sleepily, yet rhythmically.*

col 2d.

Late lies the win - try

sun a - bed, A fros - ty, fier - y, sleep - y head, Blinks but an hour or two and then A

blood - red orange sinks a - gain. Late lies the win - try sun a - bed.

By permission of Lloyd Osbourne, from "Child's Garden of Verses."

Paterson's Publications Ltd. 152 Buchanan St. Glasgow.

Close by the jol - ly fire I sit To warm my froz - en bones a bit, Or

with a rein - deer sled, ex - plore The cold - er coun - tries round the door. —

Late lies the win - try sun a - bed.

Black are my steps on sil - ver sod, Thick blows my fros - ty breath a - broad And

tree and house, and hill and lake, Are frost-ed like a wed-ding cake. —

Late lies the win - try sun a - bed.



# \* The Land of the Little People.

Dream-Sail-Hoisting.

Air Eilean Mhara nach Traigh.

English verses from Robert Louis Stevenson's  
(1) "THE LITTLE LAND."

Gaelic and Air from N. Bay, Barra,  
Arr. by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*trippingly.*

When at home a - lone I sit,  
Thog am ba - ta na siuil,

*leggiero. pp*

Hee o vee "hew" o And am ve - ry tired of it, Hee o vee  
Hi o bhi hiu o Mach a Col - la gu Rum, Hi o bhi

"hew" o O hor - yin o Hoo - a - ho - ro Hee o vee "hew" o.  
hiu o O hor - ionn o Hu a ho ro Hi o bhi hiu o.

(1) From *Child's Garden of Verses*, by permission of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

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*A little slower.**a tempo*

I have just to shut my eyes Hee o vee  
*Mach a Col - la gu Rum Hi iu bhi*

*sempre p*

*Red.*

"hew" o To go sail - ing thro' the skies,  
*hiu o Mach a Uidh - ist a' bhrùc.*

\*

Hee o vee "hew" o O hor - yin o Hee o vee o  
*Hi iu bhi hiu o O hor ionn o Hi iu bhi o*

*Red.*

\*

Hee o vee "hew" o.  
*Hi iu bhi iu o.*

*Red.*

\*



To the fai - ry land a - far, Hee - "o" vee "hew" o.  
*'S mach a Uidh - ist a' bhrùc, Hi iu bhi iu o*

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are in English and Gaelic.

Where the lit - tle peo - ple are, Hee - "o" vee "hew" o, O  
*Gu Hirt nan eun — fionn, Hi iu bhi iu o, O*

The second system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics continue in English and Gaelic.

hor yin o Hee - a — vee - o Hee o — vee "hew" o  
*hor - ionn o Hi a — bhi o Hi iu bhi iu o*

The third system of the musical score shows the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes some complex chordal textures in the first two measures.

Where the clo - ver tops are trees, Hee - o - vee "hew" o  
*Bha mo leannan - s'air a stiuir Hi - iu - bhi hiu o*

The fourth system concludes the musical score on this page. It features the same vocal and piano parts, with the piano accompaniment becoming more active in the final measures.



And the rain-pools are the seas, Hee "o" vee "hew" o O  
 Fear as guir-me da shuil Hi iu bhi hiu o O

hor-yin o Hoo-a - ho-ro Hee - o - vee "hew" o  
 hor-ionn o Hu a ho-ro Hi iu bhi iu o

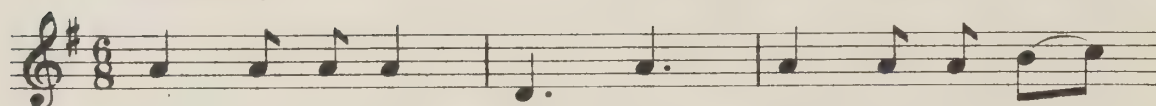
*broaden.* *tempo.*  
 O dear me that I might be Hee "o" vee hew o  
 'S truagh nach robh mi's mo ghradh Hi iu vi hu o, Air

*broaden.*  
 Sail - ing on that rain - pool sea.  
 eil - ean mha - ra nach traigh!

# Rune to the Sea-God Lir.


Air from JOHN WOTHERSPOON, Fisher, Gigha.  
Rune recovered by KENNETH MACLEOD.

## REFRAIN.



Ho ro la - va Hey ho, Ho - ro la - va  
Ho ro la bha, He ho, Ho ro la bha

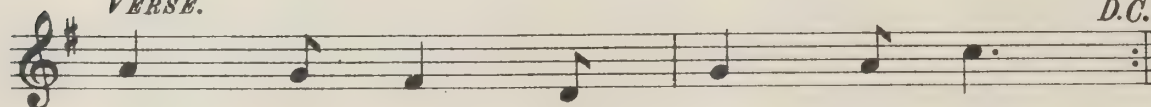
## Fine.



hey o hoo a, Ho ro la - va hey ho.  
he o hu a, Ho ro la bha he ho.

## VERSE.

## D.C.



Grey of twi - light in mine eye!  
Race des - pite, this grace be mine:  
Smile of earth and sea and sky:  
*Ciar an ana - muich 'na mo shuil!*  
*Cuir - s' am mhan - adh, ged nach dùth.*  
*Fait - e gair - e o gach dùil.*

The Boat put out to sea again and again  
to bring home the music - of - laughter.  
And at last, after many ventures, the steers-  
man said, "We will never put out again."  
But the folk said, The Sea is still laughing !

(From the Gaelic.)











M  
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